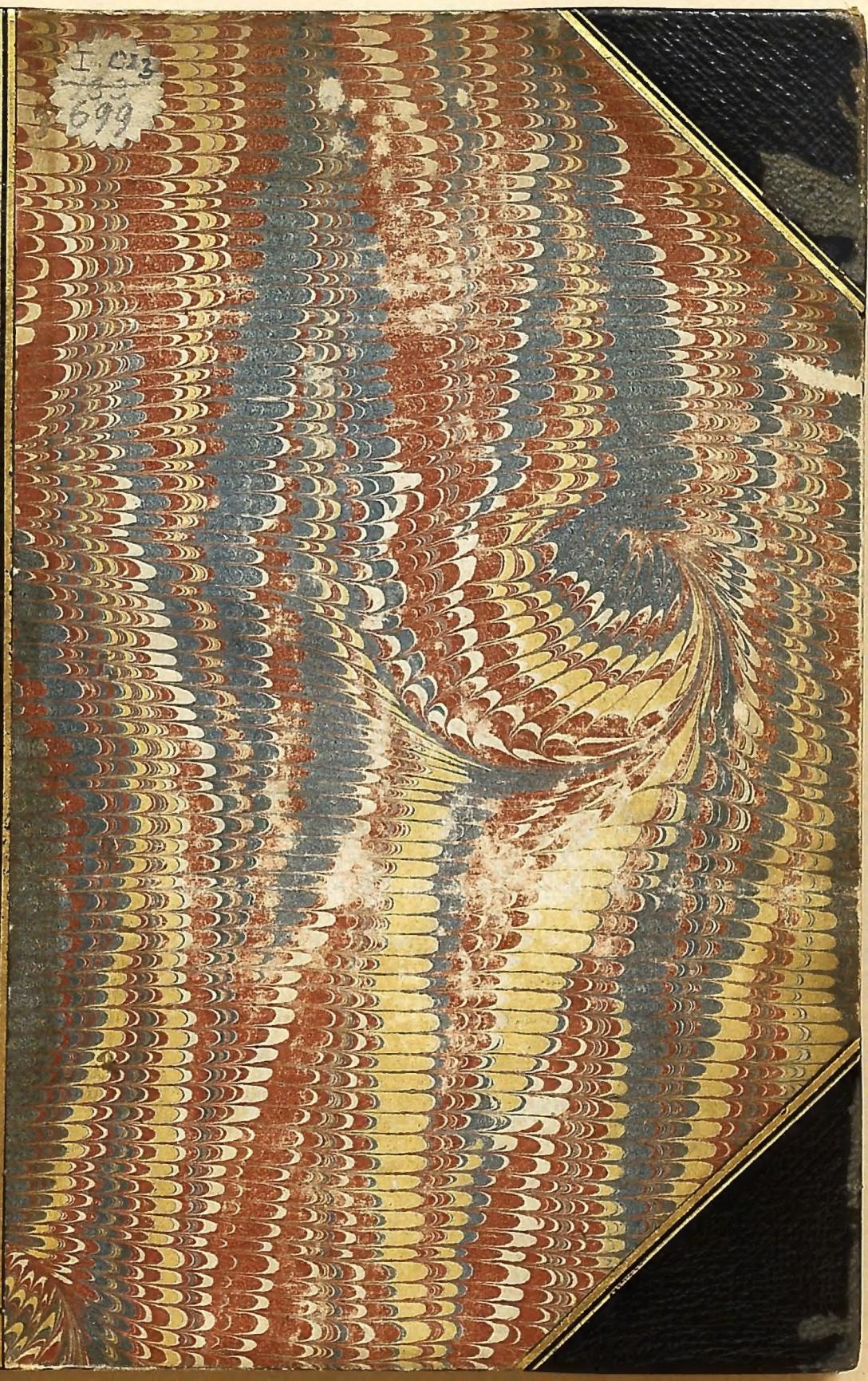


I. C. 2

699



John Gamble - Apprentice
at one of the play houses:
- belonged to Charles
Songs in his book entitled
hoped to have been written
Tory of Philosophy, ~~or~~ ^{or}
Bion, Mosches, &c & a wo

[see Sir J.

i to ambrose Beyland - a noted musician
afterward a Cornet in the King's Chapel
2^d band of violins. - Many of the
titles "dyres & dialogues" &c were ins
by S. Stanley Esq^r the author of the his
studies & the Translator of anaeniori
which printed 1651.

Hawkins's Hist of Music Vol 4 - Page 53.

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I.C.23

CANTVS.

MVSICA SACRA: TO Sixe Voyces.

Composed in the Italian tongue
BY
GIOVANNI CROCE.

Newly Englished.



IN LONDON
PRINTED BY THOMAS ESTE,
the assigne of William Barley.
1608.

ANAGRAMMATA

To the vertuous Louers of Musick.



These Sonnets, composed first most exquisitely in Italian by
Sior. Francesco Bembo a Gentleman of Italie; were so
admired of Giovan. Croce, one of the most excellent Mu-
sicians of the world; as well for their Poesie, as Pietie (the
Substance of them being drawn from those seauen nota-
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Singer of Israel, inspired of the holie Spirit) as that hee
thought it worthy of his skill in Musick, to apply them to
this Harmonie of Sixe parts; as well to honour their Author and his Compositi-
on, as to give a profitable Delight unto the vertuous. And my selfe often obseruing
the generall applause giuen these Songs when I haue heard them soong, (though
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other vulgars) of Musick in this kinde, whereby men may be edified and God
glorified, would make these the more acceptable; and peraduenture be a motiue to
some of our excellent Musicians to dedicate their diuine skill to the Seruice of God,
in Songs of this more Sanctified kinde In which respects; and for that I was en-
couraged thereto by some, Skilfull in this Arte: I haue aduentured to publish these
(otherwise destinate to priuacie) unto the view of the world: Although I am not
Ignorant that in this curios age, it is likely to run the ordinary fortune (even
of more exact labours) upon the Shelues of ridged censure: But the Gentle, will
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and use them to the glory of God, and your Landable and Christian delight.
Fare yee well.

Your well-willer

R. H.

FIRST SONNET

Ex Psal. 6.



Ord,in thy wrath reproue mee not seuerly,
 Nor punish mee in thy deseru'd displeasure :
 Haue mercy on my Sinns exceeding measure,
 For full of feares,my Soule is vexed drearly.

Saue it (O Lord) Almighty-most Supernall,
 Saue it (alas) from the'uer-neuer Dying :
 For who in deepe Hell (and fierce Torments frying)
 Shall sing thy praise,or can extoll th'Eternall ? .

Long haue I Languisht in my grieuous Sorrow's,
 My bed and bosome,with my teares I water :
 My foes Despight hath ploughd my face with furrows.

But (now my Soule) let the vngodly Scatter :
 Hence yee wicked,sith God (so gracious for vs)
 Hath heard my moan, and doth regard my matter.



Ord in thy wrath repreoue me not seuearly, (O) Lord,

Lord in thy wrath repreoue me not: Lord in thy wrath re-

proue me not seuearly: Nor punish me in thy deseru'd displeasure: Haue mer-

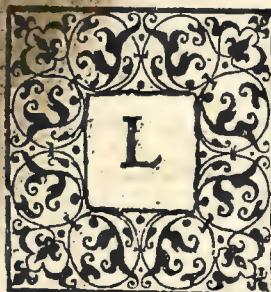
cie on my Sins exceeding mea- sure: For full of feares, my

Soule, my Soule is vex- ed dearly. Saue it O Lord Almighty: Saue it O

Lord Almighty-most Supernall: Saue it alas, from th'ever-neuer-neuer Dy-

ing: For who in deep Hell, and fierce Tor- ments frysing, Shall sing thy praise,

Shall sing thy praise, or can extoll th'Eternal? or can extoll th'Eter- nall?



Ong haue I Languisht in my grieuous Sorrow's : Ong-

haue I Languisht in my grieuous Sor- row's : My

Bed, and bosom, with my tear's I wa- ter : My foes Despight hath plow'd my

face with furrow's. My foes Despight hath plow'd my face, hath plow'd my

face with furrow's. But now my Soule, my Soule : But now my Soule, But now my

Soule, let th' ungodly Scatter : Hence, hence ye wicked; Sith God so gratio'is for vs, Sith

God so gratio'is for vs: Hath heard my moan, and doth regard my matter, and doth re-

gard, regard my matter.

SECOND SONNET

Ex Psal. 32.



Lessed are they, whose faults (so oft forbidden)
Haue free forgiuenes, and a full remission:
And they whose Sinns (of Act and of Omission)
Are not Imputed, but in mercy hidden.

Therefore my Crime I haue confess before thee;
Which graciously (my God) thou hast forgiuen:
The more therefore I Laude thee (King of Heauen)
And all thy Saints shall in due time adore thee.

O thou my Refuge, and my Consolation,
Deliuier me my God which art Almighty:
From Enemies that envie my Saluation.

A many Rods pursue the Sinner (rightly)
But those that place in thee their expectation,
Grace shall embrace. Ioy yee that walk vprightly.



Lest^{ed} are they, whose faults so oft forbidden, Haue

free forgivenes and a full remissi^{on}: Haue free forgivenes and

full remissi^{on}: And a full remissi^{on}: And they whose

Sins of Act, And they whose Sins, whose Sins of Act, and of Omissi^{on}, are not Im-

puted, but in mercy, in mercy hidden. Therfore my Crime I haue confess before thee,

Which graci'ously (my God) thou hast forgivuen: The more therefore I Laude.

thee (King of Heau'n) And all thy Saints shall in due time a-dore thee. And

all thy Saints shall in due time adore thee. In due time adore thee. Adore thee.



Thou my Refuge, and my Conso-la-tion, O

thou my Re-fuge, and Conso-la-ti-on, De-

liuer me my God which art Almighty; Deliuer me my God, Deliuer

me my God which art Almighty, From Enemies, From Enemies that enuie

my Salua-tion, my Sal-uati-on. A many Rods pursue the Sinner

right-ly, But those that place in thee, their Expectati-on, Grace shall embrace.

Grace shall embrace. Grace shall embrace. Joy yee that walk vprightly. Joy

yee that walk vprightly. vprightly. Joy yee that walk vprightly.

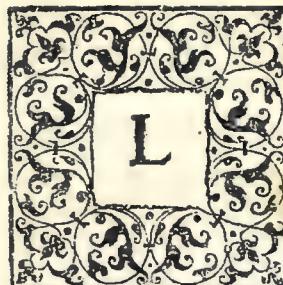
THIRD SONNET

Ex Psal. 38.

Ord, in thine Anger doe no more reprooue mee,
 Nor in thy Furie multiply my Sorrows ;
 For in my flesh I Feele thy fearfull Arrows :
 Thy heauie hand doth vnto Goodnes mooue mee.
 Sick, in it selfe my Soule doth Sigh and Languish :
 Because my Sins so Wholly ouercaine mee,
 Sorely afflicted, and all humbled am I ;
 And in my playnt, my hart Roars out for Anguish.
 My Strength eu'n fail's mee, and my Sight hath fled mee,
 And euery one Endeauours to vndoo mee,
 But I as Deaf, the while with Dumbnes sped mee.
 In thee I hope (my GOD) Ah listen to me :
 Ah, Leave me not (thou that canst best bested me)
 Thou my Saluation, and Comfort sole vnto me.

Of 6. voc. First part.

II CANT V.S. *Siguer nel tuo furor.*



Ord in thine Anger doe no more reproue me: Nor
in thy Furie multiplie my Sorrows: For in my flesh I Feele,
For in my flesh I Feele thy fearfull Arrows: Thy heauie hand doth vnto
Goodnes moue mee. Sick in it selfe my Soule doth Sigh, doth Sigh and Lan-
guish: Because my Sins so wholy ower came mee: Sorely afflited, af-
flicted and all humbled am. I and all humbled am I; And in my playnt my
hart Roars. out, Roars. out.
for an- guish, for an- guish.



Y Strength eu'n fail's, eu'n fail's me, My Strength eu'n

fail's me: And my Sight, my Sight hath fled me,

fled me, hath fled me, fled me: And eu'rie one Endeauours to vn- doo me:

But I, as Deafned, the while with Dumbnes, Dumbnes sped me. In thee

I hope (my GOD) Ah, Ah listen, to mee. Ah! Ah Leave thou me not: Ah

Leave thou me not, Thou, my Salua- t'on, thou my Saluati'on, and Comfort

sole, and Comfort sole vnto mee. and Comfort, Comfort sole vnto me. and Comfort

sole, and Comfort sole vnto mee,

FOVRTH SONNET

Ex Psal. 51.

Hew mercy Lord on mee most haynous Sinner,
 And mortifie my Sin so grieuous guiltie;
 O cleanse me from it, Purifie me Filthy;
 For in thy sight Lord I am onely Sinner.

In Sin (thou know'st) my Sinfull mother bore mee:

But O thou Guide vnto the heau'ny Cittie,
 Wash, wash my Soule in Lauer of thy Pittie,
 So shall no Snowe in whitenesse goe before mee.

Giue me a cleane hart, an vntainted Spirit;
 And of thy Grace, and Face bereauue me neuer;
 So shall I more adore thy Name and feare it,
 And to thy Seruice more and more endeaour:
 Sith broken harts (as doth thy Voice auer it)
 Are th'only Sacrifice thou Ioy'st in euer.



Hew mercie Lord on me, on me, O Lord on me, most
haynous Sinner; And mortifie my Sin, my Sin so grieuous

guiltie: and Purifie me Filthy, and Purifie me Filthy, and Purifie me.

Filthy: For in thy sight O Lord. I am onely, onely Sinner. In Sin thou knowest

my Sinfull Mother bore me: Thou Guide vnto the heau'ly Cittie, thou Guide vnto

to the heau'ly Cittie: Wash, wash my Soule in Lauer of thy pittie; So shall no

Snow, no Snow, So shall no Snow, no Snow in whitenes goe before me, in

whitenes goe before mee. In whitenes goe before mee.



Iue me a cleane hart, an vntainted Spirit : an vntainted

Spi- rit, an vntainted Spirit : And of thy Grace and Face,

And of thy Grace and Face bereaue me ne- uer: neuer: bereaue me neuer :

So shall I more adore, So shall I more adore thy Name, and feare it: thy Name, and

feare it: thy Name and feare it: thy Name and feare it: And to thy Seruice

more and more, thy Seruice more and more, and more Endeauour: Sith broken harts as

doth thy voyce auer it: Sith broken harts as doth thy voyce a- uer it, Are th'only

Sacrifice, thou loyest in E- uer. thou loyest in E- uer.

FIFT SONNET

Ex Psal. 102.



Arken O Lord vnto mine humble Playnings,
 Hide not thy Face for euer in thine Anger :
 My Dayes doe vade as Smoak, my hart in Langor,
 Hyes (Flyes) to thee: why Shunſt thou my Complaynings?
 Friends haue I none; now from me All are flying :
 In sted of Bread I haue ben fed with Ashes,
 My Drinck my Tears ; while I haue felt the Lashes
 Of thy fierce Wrath, for all mine often Crying.
 All Kings and Nati'ons shall admire thy Glory,
 When thou, the Sighs of humble Soules attendest ;
 It shall be Writ in an Eternall Story.
 Ah ! Leaue me not, Thou, thou that All Defendest,
 That madest All (Heau'n, Earth, and Ocean hoarie),
 That neuer didſt Begin, and neuer Endest.

Of 6. voc. First part. 17 CANTVS. *effandisci Signor, gli hamil miei preghi.*



Arken Lord vnto mine humble Play- nings; Hide

not thy face for euer in thine Anger: My Dayes doe vade,

doe vade as Smoak, doe vade as Smoak, My hart in Langor, Hyes (flyes)

to thee, Hyes (flyes) to thee, why Shun'st thou my Complaynings? Friends

haue I none, Friends haue I none, now from mee All are flying: In stead of

Bread, I haue ben fed, In stead of Bread, I haue ben fed with Ashes, My Drinck my

Tear's, while I haue felt the Lashes Of thy fierce Wrath, for all mine often Cryings,



LL Kings and Nati'ons, shall admi'er, ad-mi'er
thy Glo- ry, When thou the Sighs of th'humble: When
thou the Sighs of humble Soules attendest: It shall be Writ: It
shall be Writ: It shall be Writ in an Eternall Story, in an Eternall Story.

Ah Leave me not thou; Thou that All Defen-
defest, that all Defen-
defest: That madest All, That madest All, That madest All (Heau'n, Earth, and Oce'an
and Oce'an hoarie) That neuer didst Begin, and neuer Endest, and neuer End-
dest.

SIXT SONNET

Ex Psal. 102.

From profound CENTER of my hart I cryed
 To thee O Lord, L O R D let thine EAR n draw neer mee,
 To note my M O V R N I N G s, and quick-quickly heare mee;
 Heare my Sad G R O N E s, to thy Sweet G R A C E applyed.

L O R D, if thou looke with R I G O V R downe into V s,
 To mark our S I N, O who shall then abide it?
 But, if with P A R D O N thou bee pleas'd to hide it
 (If M E R C Y thou Vouchsafe) What shall Vndoo V s?
 Vpon thy W O R D my S O V L E hath firmly reared
 Her Tower of T R V S T, there is my H O P E possessed;
 With thee is M E R C Y, that thou maist bee feared;
 M E R C Y, for those that are in S O V L E depressed,
 I S R A E L S Redeemer, Whom thou hast endeered
 Beeconom's through thee, of S I N N E R, S A I N T and B L E S S E D.



Rom Profound Center of my hart, of my hart: to

thee I cri'ed, to thee I cri'ed O Lord, Lord let thine

care draw neere me, To note my mourning; and quickly heare me, and quickly heare

me: Heare my Sad Grones to thy Sweet Grace applyed. to thy Sweet Grace

apply'ed. Lord, if thou looke with Rigor down into vs, to mark our Sins, O

who shall then abide it? O who shall them abide, abide it? But if thou be

pleas'd, with pardon thou be pleas'd, bee-pleas'd to hide it, (if thou Mer-

cie vouchsafe) if thou Mercy vouchsafe, if thou Mercy vouchsafe, What

shall vndoo Vs: vndoo

Vs: what shall vndoo Vs:



Pon thy Word my Soule, hath firmly reared

her Tower of Trust, there is my Hope possessed; for with

thee, is Mercy that thou maist be fear'd; thou maist be feared: Mercy for those, Mer-

cy for those, that are in Soule depressed, in Soule depres- sed. Is-ra-els Re-

deemer, Whom thou hast endeer'd, endeered, Becon's through thee,

of Sinner, Saint and Blessed. of Sinner, Saint and Blessed. and Blessed. of Sinner,

Saint, of Sinner, Saint and Blessed. of Sinner, Saint and Blessed.

SEAVENTH SONNET

Ex Psal. 143.



Isten O L o R D vnto my Prostrate P R A Y E R,
 Nor into I V D G M E N T with thy Seruant enter:
 For who is I v s t ? The foule infernall T E M P T E R
 Pursues my S O V L E with Terrors of D E S P A Y R E.
 My hart's all inly Vext. Yet I apply'd mee-
 To waigh thy Works, thy Wonders I obserued,
 But to thy M E R C Y the Chiefe place referued?
 Then Shew my S I N, and in thy Seruice guide mee.
 Succour mee L O R D, Saue mee with expedition,
 My S P I R I T fainteth: therefore mine affection,
 My M I N D E, my S O V L E, I lift (with all Submission)
 To thee my L O R D, my G o D, and my protection:
 Draw mee from D A N G E R vnder thy Tuition,
 For I thy Seruant am by thine Election.

Of 6 voc. First part.

23 CANTVS. *Essandisci Signor le mie.*



Isten, Listen O Lord, Listen, Listen O Lord vnto my

Prostrate pray- er: Nor into Iudgiment with thy Seruant

enter: For who is Iust? For who is Iust? The soule In-fernall Tempter

pursues my Soule with terrors of De- spay'r: My hart's all

inly vexed, My hart's all inly vexed, all inly vex-ed. Yet I apply'd

me to waigh thy Works, thy Wonders I obser- ued: But to thy Mercy,

but to thy Mercy the Chief place reserued: the Chief place reser-

ued: Then Shew my Sin, my Sin, Then shew my Sin, my Sin, Then shew

my Sin, and in thy Seruice guide me.



Vccour me Lord, Suae me with expediti'on, with expe-

di- ti'on, My Spirit fainteth, therefore mine af-

fec- ti'on, My Spirit fainteth, therefore mine affec- ti'on, My

Minde, my Soule, My Minde my Soule I lift with all Submissi'on : To thee my Lord, my

God, my God and my Protec- ti'on : and my Protection : Draw me from

Danger vnder thy Tu-i-ti'on; For I thy Seruant am, For I thy Seruant am

by thine Electi'on, by thine, by thine Electi'on, by thine Elec-

tion,

FINIS.

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Fare yee well.

Your well-willer

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Ord,in thy wrath reproue mee not fearely,
 Nor punish me in thy deseru'd displeasure :
 Haue mercy on my Sinns exceeding meastur,
 For full of feares,my Soule is vexed dearly.

Sauie it (O Lord) Almightye most Supernall,
 Sauie it (alas) from the uer-neuer Dying :
 For who in deepe Hell (and fierce torments frying)
 Shall sing thy praise,or can extoll th' Eternall ?
 Long haue I languisht in my grieuous Sorrow's,
 My bed and bosome,with my teares I water :
 My foes despight hath ploughd my face with furrows.
 But (now my Soule) let the vngodly scatter :
 Hence yee wicked, sith God (so gracious for vs)
 Hath heard my moan, and doth regard my matter.

Of 6. voc. First part.

5 ALT V S. *Signor non mi riprender.*



Ord in thy wrath reproue me not seuearly, not se-

uearly, Lord in thy wrath reproue me not seuearly, Nor

punish me in thy deseru'd displea- sure: Haue mercie, Haue mer- cie

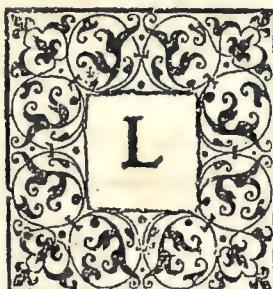
on my sinns exceeding measure: For full of feares, my Soule is vex- ed

.drearly. Saeue it O Lord Almighty, Saeue it O Lord Almighty-most, supernall,

Saeue it Lord, Saeue it, alas, from th' euer-neuer Dying: For who in deep Hell,

and fierce tor- ments frysing, Shall sing thy praise, or can extoll th'Eternall? or

can extoll th'Eternall? ex-tol th'Eter- nall?



Ong haue I Languisht in my griauous Sorrow's, my

grie-

uous-Sorrow's, My bed, and

bosom, with my tear's I wa- ter : My foes Despight hath plow'd my face,

My foes Despight hath plow'd my face, My foes Despight, My foes Des-

pight hath plow'd my face with furrow's. But now my Soule: But

now my Soule let th'ungodly Scatter: Hence, hence ye wicked, Sith God so gra-

tio'us for vs, Sith God so gratio'us, God so gratio'us for vs : hath heard my moan, and

- doth regard my matter.. and doth regard, regard my matter.

7

SECOND SONNET

Ex Psal. 32.



Lefsed are they, whose faults (so oft forbidden)

Haue free forgiuenes, and a full remission :

And they whose Sians (of A&t and of Omission)

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Therefore my Crime I haue confest before thee;

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O thou my Refuge, and my Consolation,

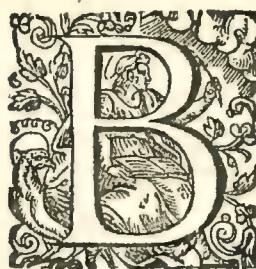
Deliuier me my God which art Almighty :

From Enemies that enuie my Saluation.

A many Rods pursue the Sinner (rightly)

But those that place in thee their expectation,

Grace shall embrace. Ioy yee that walk vprightly.



Lessoed are they, whose faults so oft for- bidden, whose

faults so oft for- bid- den, Haue free forgiuenes and

full remissi'on: Haue free forgiuenes and a full remissi'on : And they whose Sins

of Act, And they whose sinns, whose sinns of Act, and of Omission are not imputed,

but in mercy hidden. Therefore my crime I haue confess before thee, which

graci'ously (my God) thou hast for-giuen : The more therefore I Laude thee

(King of Heau'n) And all thy Saints, thy Saints, And all thy Saints shall in

due time: All thy Saints shall in due time adore thee.



Thou my Refuge and my Conso-la-
 ti'on,
 and Conso-la-
 ti'on, and Conso-la-
 ti'on, Deliuer me my God, Deliuer me my God, Deliuer me my God which
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Nor in thy Furie multiply my Sorrows ;
For in my flesh I Feele thy fearfull Arrows :
Thy heauie hand doth vnto Goodnes mooue me.

Sick, in it selfe my Soule doth Sigh and Languish :
Because my Sins so Wholly ouercame mee,
Sorely afflicted, and all humbled am I ;
And in my playnt, my hart Roars out for Anguish.

My Strength eu'n fail's me, and my Sight hath fled me,
And euery one Endeauours to vndoo mee,
But I, as Deaf, the while with Dumblnes sped me.

In thee I hope (my GOD) Ah listen to me :
Ah, Leave me not (thou that canst best bested me)
Thou my Saluation, and Comfort sole vnto me.



Ord in thine Anger doe no more reproue me : Nor

in thy Furie multiply my Sor- row's : For in my

Flesh, I feele; For in my Flesh I feele thy fearfull Arrows; Thy heauie hand doth vn-

to goodnessse moue me.. Sick, in it selfe my Soule doth Sigh and Lan-

guish: doth Sigh and Lan- guish: Because my Sins so wholely ouer-

came me: Sorely afflicted, afflicted, and all humbled am I: and all humbled

am I: And in my plaint my hart Roars : om,

Roars . out, Roars out, Roars out, .

for an- guish, for an-

guish.

B. ij.



Y Strength eu'n fail's, eu'n fail's me. And

my Sight, my Sight hath fled me, hath fled me, fled me,

hath fled me, fled me, And eu'rie one Endeauours to vn- doo me:

But I, as Deafned, the while with Dumbnes, Dumbnes sped me. In thee

I hope (my G OD) Ah listen, listen, Ah listen to mee. Ah, Ah leaue

thou me not: Ah leaue thou me not, Thou, my Saluati- on: thou my Saluati-

on, and Comfort sole vnto me: and Comfort sole: and Comfort sole vn- to mee:

and Comfort sole vnto mee,

FOVRTH SONNET

Ex *Psal. 51.*

Hew mercy Lord on mee most haynous Sinner,
 And mortifie my Sin so grieuous guiltie;
 O cleanse me from it, Purifie me Filthy;
 For in thy sight Lord I am onely Sinner.

In Sin (thou know'st) my Sinfull mother bore mee:

But O thou Guide vnto the heau'ly Cittie,
 Wash, wash my Soule in Lauer of thy Pittie,
 So shall no Snowe in whitenesse goe before mee.

Give me a cleane hart, an vntainted Spirit;

And of thy Grace, and Face bereaue me neuer;
 So shall I more adore thy Name and feare it.

And to thy Seruice more and more endeavour:

Sith broken harts (as doth thy Voice auer it)
 Are th'only Sacrifice thou Ioy'st in euer.



Hew mercie O Lord on me, most haynous Sin-

ner; And mortifie my Sin, my Sin so grieuous guil-

tie: O cleanse me from it, and Purifie me Filthy, and Purifie me, Purifie me

Filthy: For in thy sight O Lord, I am onely Sinner. In Sin thou knowest.

my Sinfull Mother bore me: But O thou Guide, thou Guidé, thou Guide vnto the

heau'ny, heau'ny Cittie, Wash, wash my Soule in Lauer of thy pittie; So shall no

Snow, no Snow in whitenes goe before me. So shall no Snow, no Snow, So shall no

Snow, no Snow in whitenes goe before me. In whitenes goe before me.



Iue me a cleane hart, an vntainted Spirit: an vntainted

an vntainted Spirit: And of thy Grace and Face bereue

me neuer: And of thy Grace and Face bereue me neuer; So shall I more adore,

So shall I more adore thy name, thy name and feare it: thy name, thy name

and feare it: thy name and feare it: And to, And to thy Service more and more In-

deauour: Sith broken harts, as doth thy voyce auer it: Sith broken harts as

doth thy voyce auer it, Are th'only Sacrifice, thou loyest in E- uer.

thou loyest in euer,

FIFT SONNET

Ex Psal. 102.



Arken O Lord vnto mine humble Playnings,
 Hide not thy Face for euer in thine Anger :
 My Dayes doe vade as Smoak, my hart in Langor,
 Hyes (Flyes) to thee: why Shunst thou my Complaynings?
 Friends haue I none; now from me All are flying :
 In sted of Bread I haue ben fed with Ashes,
 My Drinck my Tears ; while I haue felt the Lashes
 Of thy fierce Wrath, for all mine often Crying.
 All Kings and Nati'ons shall admire thy Glory,
 When thou, the Sighs of humble Soules attendest ;
 It shall be Writ in an Eternall Story.
 Ah ! Leaue me not, Thou, thou that All Defendest,
 That madest All (Heau'n, Earth, and Ocean hoarie),
 That neuer didst Begin, and neuer Endest.



Arken Lord vnto mine humble Playnings; Hide

not thy face for euer in thine Anger: My Dayes doe vade,

doe vade as Smoak, doe vade as Smoak, My hart in Langor, Hyes

(flyes) to thee, Hyes (flyes) to thee, why Shun'st thou my Complaynings? Friends

haue I none, Friends haue I none, now from me All are flying: In stead of

Bread, of Bread, In stead of Bread, I haue ben fed, I haue ben fed with A- shes,

My Drinck my Tear's; while I haue felt the Lashes Of thy fierce Wrath, while

I haue felt the Lashes Of thy fierce Wrath, for all, for all mine often Cryngs,



LL Kings and Nati'ons shall admi'er, admi'er

thy Glo- ry, When thou the Sighs of humble Soules at-

tendest; When thou the Sighs of humble Soules attendest; It shall be Writ in

an Eternall Storie. It shall bee Writ, It shall bee Writ in an Eternall

Storie. in an Eternall Story. Ah! Leave me not thou, Thou that All De-

fendest, that All Defendest, That madest All (Heau'n, Earth, and Oce'an) That

madest All (Heau'n, Earth, and Oce'an hoa- rie) That never didst be-

gin, and never Endest. and ne- uer Endest.

SIXT SONNET

Ex Psal. 102.

From profound CENTER of my hart I cryed
 To thee O Lord, L O R D let thine E A R draw neer mee,
 To note my M O V R N I N G s, and quick-quickly heare mee;
 Heare my Sad G R O N E s, to thy Sweet G R A C E applyed.
L O R D, if thou looke with R I G O V R downe into V s,
 To mark our S I N, O who shall then abide it?
 But, if with P A R D O N thou bee pleas'd to hide it
 (If M E R C Y thou Vouchsafe) What shall Vndoo V s?
 Vpon thy W O R D my S O V L E hath firmly reared
 Her Tower of T R V S T, there is my H o P E possessed;
 With thee is M E R C Y, that thou maist bee feared;
 M E R C Y, for those that are in S o v l e depressed,
 I S R A E L s Redeemer, Whom thou hast endeered
 Beccom's through thee, of S I N N E R, S A I N T and B L E S S E D.



Rom Profound Center of my hart, of my hart to thee I

cri'ed, I cri'ed, to thee I cri'ed O Lord, Lord let thine eare draw

neere me, To note my mourning, to note myy mourning; and quickly heare me: and

quickly heare me: Heare my Sad Groning to thy Sweet Grace, to thy Sweet Grace

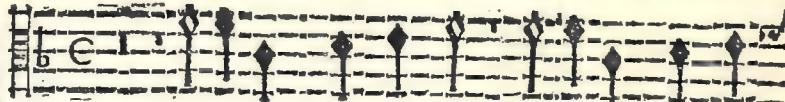
apply- ed: to thy Sweet Grace applyed. Lord if thou looke with Rigor down into

Vs, to mark our Sin, our Sin, O who shal then abide it? Who shal then abide

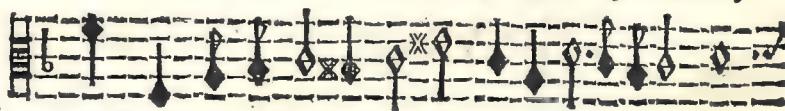
it? But if with pardon thou be pleas'd to hide it, be pleas'd to hide it. (If

thou Mercy vouchsafe) what shal vndoo Vs? what shal vndoo Vs? if thou Mercy vouch-

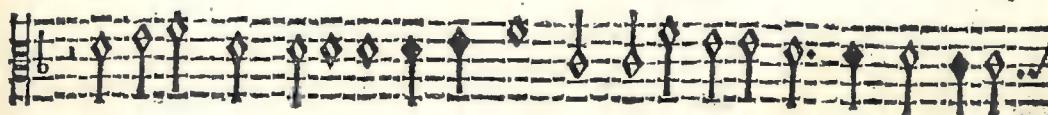
safe, if thou Mercy vouchsafest, what shal vndoo, vndoo vs? what shall vndoo Vs?



Pon thy Word my Soule, vpon thy Word my



Soule hath firmly Re- red her Tower of Trust,



there is my Hope possessed; for with thee, with thee is Mercy that thou maist be fea-



red; Mercy, for those that are in Soule depres- sed, in Soule de-



pref- sed. If-ra-els Redeemer, Whom thou hast endeered, Whom thou hast en-



deered, whom thou hast endeered, Becom's through thee, of Sinner, Saint and Blef-



sed. of Sinner, Saint and Blessed. of Sinner, Saint and Blessed. and Blessed.



of Sinner, Saint and Blef- sed. of Sinner, Saint and Blef- sed.

SEAVENTH SONNET

Ex Psal. 143.



Isten O L o r d vnto my Prostrate P R A Y E R,
 Nor into I v d g m e n t with thy Seruant enter:
 For who is I v s t? The foule infernall T E M P T E R
 Pursues my S o v l e with Terrors of D E S T A Y R E.
 My hart's all inly Vext. Yet I apply'd mee
 To waigh thy W orks, thy W onders I obserued,
 But to thy M e r c y the Chiefe place referued?
 Then Shew my S I N, and in thy Seruice guide mee.
 Succour mee L o r d, Saue mee with expedition,
 My S P I R I T fainteth: therefore mine affection,
 My M I N D E, my S o v l e, I lift (with all Submission)
 To thee my L o r d, my G o d, and my protection:
 Draw mee from D A N G E R vnder thy Tuition,
 For I thy Seruant am by thine E lection.



Isten, Listen O Lord vnto my Prostrate prayer: vn-

to my Prostrate prayer: Nor into Judgment with thy

Seruant enter: For who, O who is Iust? For who, O who is Iust? The

foule In-fernall Tempter, The foule infernall Tempter pursues my Soule with ter-

rors of Despay'r: My hart's all inly vexed, inly vexed. Yet I apply'd me to

waigh thy works, thy wonders I obserued: But to thy Mercy, but to thy

Mercy the Chief place reserved: the chief place reserved: Then Shew my Sin,

then shew my Sin, my Sin, then shew my Sin, and in thy Service guide me. thy



Vccour me Lord,Saue me with expediti'on,with expedi-

ti'on, My Spirit fainteth:therefore mine affecti'on,My Spirit

fainteth,fainteth, My Spirit fainteth, fainteth: therefore mine affecti'on,My

Minde,my Soule I lift with all Submis- si'on,with all Submissi'on, To thee my

Lord,my God, my God and my Protecti'on: and my Protecti'on:

Draw me from Danger,Draw me from Danger vnder thy Tuiti'on; For I thy Seruant

am, For I thy Seruant am by thine Elec'ti'on,by thine Elec'ti'on.

FINIS

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QVINTVS.

MVSICA SACRA: TO Sixe Voyces.

Composed in the f^talian tongue

BY
GIOVANNI CROCE.

Newly Englished.



IN LONDON
PRINTED BY THOMAS ESTE,
the assigne of William Barley.

1608.

To the vertuous Louers of Musick.



3
These Sonnets, composed first most exquisitely in Italian by
Sior. Francesco Bembo a Gentleman of Italie; were so
admired of Giouan Croce, one of the most excellent Mu-
sicians of the world; as well for their Poesie, as Pietie (the
Substance of them being drawnen from those seauen nota-
ble Psalms called Penetentials; indited by that sweete
Singer of Israel, inspired of the holie Spirit) as that hee
thought it worthy of his skill in Musick, to apply them to
this Harmonie of Sixe parts; as well to honour their Author and his Compositi-
on, as to giue a profitable Delight unto the vertuous. And my selfe often obseruing
the generall applause givenen these Songs when I haue heard them soong, (though
somtimes without the words) thought it would be verie gratefull to many of our
English louers of Musick, if they were translated, or imitated in our tongue: the
rather, because through their want of understanding the Italian, they are depri-
ued of a Chief part of their delight. For albeit that the verie concenct of the Note
may sweetly strike the outward sence of the eare; yet it is the Dittie, which con-
uayed with the Musick to the intellectual Soule, by the Organs of hearing, that
doth touch the hart, and stir the affections eyther to Ioycondnes, or Sadnes, Levitie,
or Granitie, according to the nature of the Composition: in which respect (especi-
ally) the articulate voice of man excelleth all other voices, and Instruments in the
world. Besides I supposed, that the Scarcketie (not onely in our tongue, but in all
other vulgars) of Musick in this kinde, whereby men may be edified and God
glorified, would make these the more acceptable; and peraduenture be a motiue to
some of our excellent Musicians to dedicate their divine skill to the Seruice of God,
in Songs of this more Sanctified kinde In which respects; and for that I was en-
couraged thereto by some, Skilfull in this Arte: I haue aduentured to publish these
(otherwise destinate to priuacie) vnto the view of the world: Although I am not
Ignorant that in this curious age, it is likely to run the ordinary fortune (even
of more exact labours) upon the Shelles of ridged censure: But the Gentle, will
wreck at small faults where they spie them: As for the Supercilious Critick if
(after he haue compared them with the Originall) he dislike them: he may please
himselfe, and doe them all better: But doe Yee accept them with a Serene browe,
and use them to the glory of God, and your Laudable and Christian delight.
Fare yee well...

Your well-willer

R. H.

FIRST SONNET

Ex Psal. 6.



Ordain thy wrath reprove mee not feuarly,
 Nor punish me in thy deseru'd displeasure:
 Haue mercy on my Sinns exceeding measure,
 For full of feares, my Soule is vexed drearly.
 Saue it (O Lord) Almighty-most Supernall,
 Saue it (alas) from the uer-neuer Dying:
 For who in deepe Hell (and fierce Torments frying)
 Shall sing thy praise, or can extoll th'Eternall?
 Long haue I Languisht in my grieuous Sorrow's,
 My bed and bosome, with my teares I water:
 My foes Despight hath ploughd my face with furrows.
 But (now my Soule) let the vngodly Scatter:
 Hence yee wicked, sith God (so gracious for vs)
 Hath heard my moan, and doth regard my matter.



Ord in thy wrath reproue me not seuearly, in thy

wrath reproue me not: Lord in thy wrath reproue me not se-

uearly: not seuearly: Nor punish me in thy deseru'd displea-

sure: Haue mercie, Haue mercy on my Sins exceeding measure: For full of

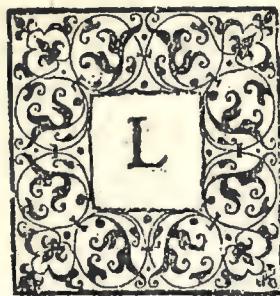
feares, my Soule, is vexed drear- ly. Saue it O Lord Almightie:

Saue it O Lord Almightie, Saue it O Lord Almightie-most Supernall: Saue

it alas, from th' euer-neuer Dy- ing: For who in deep Hell, deep Hell, and fierce

Tor- ments frying, Shall sing thy praise, or can extoll th'Eternall: or can ex-

call th'Eternall: th'Eter- nall?



Ong haue I. Languisht in my grieuous Sorrow's: Long.
 haue I Languisht in my grieuous Sorrow's: in my grieuous.
 Sorrow's: My Bed and bosom, with my tear's I water: My foes Despight,hath.
 plow'd my face: My foes Despight hath plow'd my face with furrow's: My.
 foes Despight, hath plow'd my face with furrow's. But now my Soule, my Soule, But
 now my: Soule let th'ungodly, th'ungodly Seat- ter: Hence,hence ye wic-
 ked,Sith God so gratio'us for vs, Sith God so gratio'us for. vs:Hath heard my
 moan, and doth regard my matter. and doth regard, regard my matter.

SECOND SONNET

Ex Psal. 32.



Leſſed are they, whose faults (ſo oft forbidden)
Haue free forgiuenes, and a full remiſſion:
And they whose ſinnes (of Act and of Omission)
Are not Imputed, but in mercy hidden.

Therefore my Crime I haue confeſt before thee;
Which graciously (my God) thou haſt forgiuen:
The more therefore I Laude thee (King of Heauen)
And all thy Saints ſhall in due time adore thee.
O thou my Refuge, and my Conſolation,
Deliuere me my God which art Almighty:
From Enemys that enuie my Saluation.
A many Rods pursue the Sinner (rightly)
But thoſe that place in thee their expeſtation,
Grace ſhall embracē. Ioy yee that walk vprightly.



Leſſed are they, whose faults ſo oft forbiſ- den, whose

faults ſo oft forbiſſen, Haue free forgiuenes and full

remiſſion: Haue free forgiuenes, and full remiſſion: And a full remiſſion: And

they whose Sins of Act, And they whose Sins, whose Sins of Act, and of Omif- ſi'on,

Omif- ſi'on; Are not Imputed, but in mercy hid- den. Therfore my

Crime, Therfore my Crime I haue confeſt before thee, Which graci'ouſly (my

God) thou haſt forgiuen: The more therefore I Laude, I Laude thee (King of

Heau'n) In due time adore thee, And all thy Saints ſhall in due time adore thee.

in due time, in due time adore thee.



Thou my Refuge, and my Conso- la-tion,

and my Conso- lati'on, De-liuer me my God which

art Almigh- tie; De-liuer me my God which art Almigh- tie, From Enemies,

that en-uie my Saluati'on, my Sal- ua- ti'on. A many Rods pursue the Sin-

ner right- ly, But those that place in thee, their Expesta- ti'on, Grace

shall embrace. Grace shall embrace. Grace shall embrace. Ioy yee that walk vp-

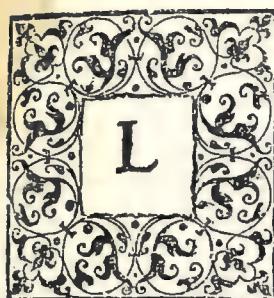
rightly. Ioy yee that walk vprightly. Ioy yee that walk vprightly,

THIRD SONNET

Ex Psal. 38.



Ord, in thine Anger doe no more reprooue me,
 Nor in thy Furie multiply my Sorrows;
 For in my flesh I Feele thy fearfull Arrows:
 Thy heauie hand doth vnto Goodnes mooue me.
 Sick, in it selfe my Soule doth Sigh and Languish:
 Because my Sins so Wholly ouercame mee,
 Sorely afflicted, and all humbled am I;
 And in my playnt, my hart Roars out for Anguish.
 My Strength eu'n fail's me, and my Sight hath fled me,
 And every one Endeauours to vndoo mee,
 But I as Deaf, the while with Dumbnes sped me.
 In thee I hope (my God) Ah listen to me:
 Ah, Leauue me not (thou that canst best bestow me)
 Thou my Saluation, and Comfort sole vnto me.



Ord in thine Anger doe no more reproue me: Nor

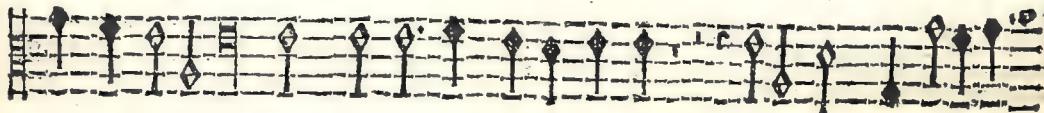
in thy Furie multiplie my Sor- rows, multiplie



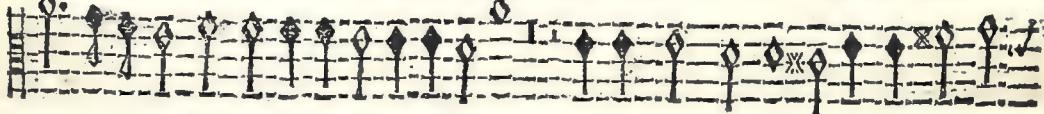
my Sor- rows: For in my flesh I Feele, in my Fleash I Feele thy fearfull Arrows:



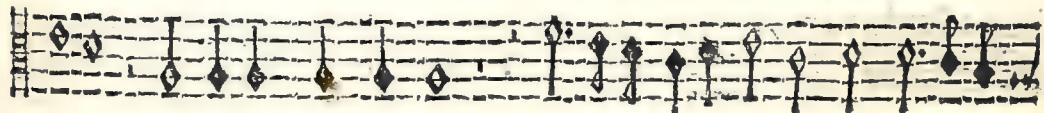
Thy heauie hand doth vnto Goodnes moue mee. Sick in it selfe my Soule doth



Sigh, and Lan- guish: Because my Sins so wholly overcame mee: ouer-



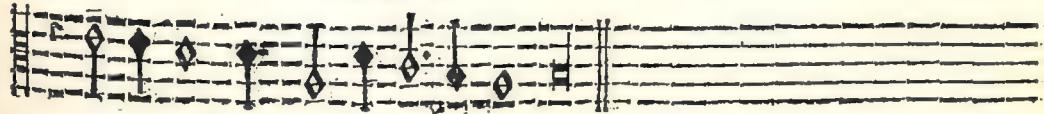
came me, Sorely afflicted, afflicted, and all humbled am I; and all humbled



am I; And in my playnt my hart Roars out, Roars



out, Roars out,



for an- guish. for an- guish.

B. iij.



Y Strength eu'n fail's, eu'n fail's me, And my Sight,

my Sight, and my Sight, my Sight hath fled me, fled me,

hath fled me, fled me: And eu'rie one Endeauours to vndoo me: But I as

Deafned, the while with Dumbnes, Dumbnes sped me. In thee I hope (my GOD)

Ah listen, Ah, listen to me. Ah listen to mee: Ah! Ah Leave thou me

not: Ah Leave thou me not, Thou, my Saluati'on, thou my Saluati'on, and Comfort

sole, and Comfort sole vnto mee, and Comfort sole, and Comfort sole vnto mee,

FOVRTH SONNET

Ex Psal. 51.

Hew mercy Lord on mee most haynous Sinner,
 And mortifie my Sin so grieuous guiltie;
 O cleanse me from it, Purifie me Filthy;
 For in thy sight Lord I am onely Sinner.

In Sin (thou know'st) my Sinfull mother bore mee:

But O thou Guide vnto the heau'ly Cittie,
 Wash, wash my Soule in Lauer of thy Pittie,
 So shall no Snowe in whitenesse goe before mee.

Giue me a cleane hart, an vntainted Spirit;

And of thy Grace, and Face bereauie me neuer,
 So shall I more adore thy Name and feare it,

And to thy Seruice more and more endeauour:

Sith broken harts (as doth thy Voice auer it)
 Are th'only Sacrifice thou Joy'st in euer.



Hew mercie Lord on me, O Lord on me, most haynous

haynous Sinner; And mortifie my Sin, my Sin so

grieuous, grieuous guiltie: O cleanse me from it, And Purifi-

sie me Filthy, and Purifie me Filthy, and Purifie me Filthy: For in thy

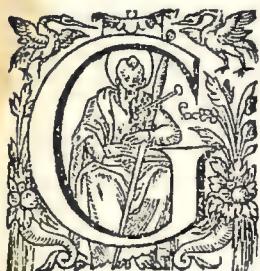
Sight O Lord I am onely Sinner. In Sin thou knowest my Sinfull Mother

bore me: But O thou Guide vnto the heau'n- ly Cittie: Wash, O wash:

my Soule in Lauer of thy pittie; So shal no Snow, no Snow, in whitenes, So

shall no Snow, no Snow, So shall no Snow, no Snow in whitenes goe before me.

So shall no Snow, no Snow, in whitenes goe before me.



Iue me a cleane hart, an vntainted. an vntainted

Spirit: an vntainted Spirit: And of thy Grace and Face

bereau me neuer: And of thy Grace and Face bereau me neuer: bereau me ne-

uer. So shall I more adore thy Name, and feare it: and feare it: thy

Name and feare it: thy Name and feare it: And to thy Seruice more and

more, thy Seruice more and more, and more Endeauour: Are th'only Sa-

fice thou Ioyest in E- uer. Are th'only Sacrifice thou Ioyest in

E- uer. thou Ioyest in E- uer.

FIFT SONNET

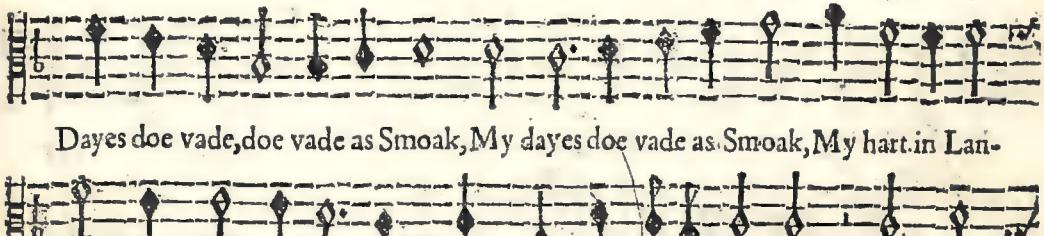
Ex Psal. 102.

Arken O Lord vnto mine humble Playnings,
 Hide not thy Face for euer in thine Anger :
 My Dayes doe vade as Sinoak, my hart in Langor,
 Hyes (Flyes) to thee: why Shu'nst thou my Complaynings?
 Friends haue I none; now from me All are flying :
 In sted of Bread I haue ben fed with Ashes,
 My Drinck my Tears ; while I haue felt the Lashes
 Of thy fierce Wrath, for all mine often Crying.
 All Kings and Nati'ons shall admire thy Glory,
 When thou, the Sighs of humble Soules attendest ;
 It shall be Writ in an Eternall Story.
 Ah ! Leaue me not, Thou, thou that All Defendest,
 That madest All (Heau'n, Earth, and Ocean hoarie)
 That neuer didst Begin, and neuer Endest.

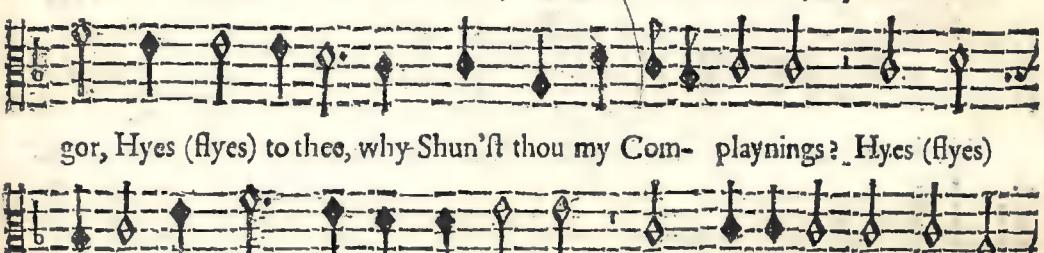


Arken Lord vnto mine humble Play- nings;

Hide not thy face for euer, in thine An- ger : My



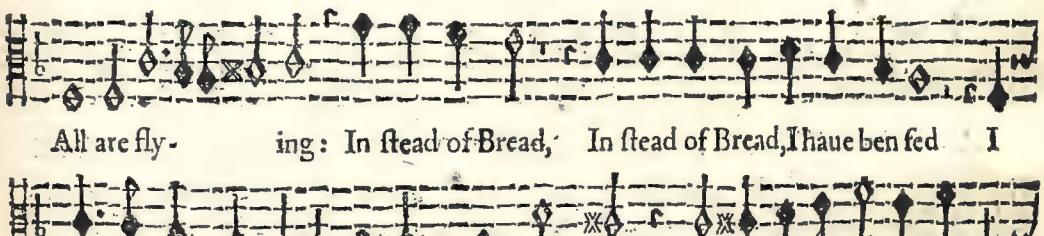
Dayes doe vade, doe vade as Smoak, My dayes doe vade as Smoak, My hart in Lan-



gor, Hyes (flyes) to thee, why Shun'ſt thou my Com- playnings? Hyes (flyes)



to thee, why Shun'ſt thou my Complaynings? Friends haue I none, now from mee



All are fly- ing: In stead of Bread, In stead of Bread, I haue ben fed. I



haue ben fed with Ashes: My Drinck, my Tear's; While I haue felt the Lashēs,



Of thy fierce Wrath, For all, for all mine often Cryings.



LL Kings and Nati'ons, shall admi'er, ad-mi'er thy

Glo- ry, When thou the Sighs of humble Soules attendest, of

humble Soules, When thou the Sighs of humble Soules attendest; It shall be

Writ, in an Eternall Sto- rie; It shall be Writ, It shall be Writ, in an E-

ternall Story. in an Eternall Story. Ah Leave me not thou; Thou that

All Defen- dest: That madest All, That madest All, That madest All

(Heau'n, Earth, and Oce'an hoarie, hoa- ry) That neuer didst Begin, and neuer

Er- dest, and ne- uer En- dest.

SIXT SONNET

Ex *Psal.* 102.

From profound CENTER of my hart I cryed
 To thee O Lord, L O R D let thine EAR e draw neermee;
 To note my M O V R N I N G s, and quick-quicke heare meee;
 Hearc my Sad G R O N E s, to thy Sweet G R A C E applyed.
 L O R D, if thou looke with R I G O V R downe into V s,
 To mark our S I N, O who shall then abide it?
 But, if with P A R D O N thou bee pleas'd to hide it
 (If M E R C Y thou Vouchsafe) What shall Vndoo V s?
 Vpon thy W O R D my S O V L E hath firmly reared
 Her Tower of T R V S r, there is my H O P E possessed;
 With thee is M E R C Y, that thou maist bee feared;
 M E R C Y, for those that are in S O V L E depressed.
 I S R A E L s Redeemer, Whom thou hast endeered
 Beeconm's through thee, of S I N N E R, S A I N T, and B L E S S E D.



Rom Profound Center of my hart, to thee I cri'ed,

to thee I cri'ed O Lord, O Lord, Lord let thine

care draw neere me, To note my mourning; and quickly heare me: & quickly heare

me: Hear me my Sad Grones to thy Sweet Grace applyed. to thy Sweet Grace

applyed. Lord, if thou looke with Rigor down into vs, to mark our Sins, O

who shal then, O who shal then abide, abide it? But if thou be pleas'd, But if thou be

pleas'd, But if with pardon thou bee pleas'd, bee pleas'd to hide it, (if

thou Mercie vouchsafe) What shall vndoo Vs? (if thou Mercy vouchsafe)

What shall vndoo Vs? What shall vndoo Vs? What shall vndoo, vndoo Vs?



Pon thy Word my Soule, Vpon thy Word, my

Soule hath firmly reared: hath firmly reared her Tow'rs of

Trust; Ther is my Hope possessed; for with thee, for with thee there is Mercy, that thou

maist be fea- red; Mercy, for those, that are depressed, that are in Soule de-

pref- sed. Is-ra-els Redeemer, Whom thou hast endeered, thou

hast endeered, Becom's through thee, of Sinner, Saint and Blessed. of Sinner,

Saint and Blessed. of Sinner, Saint and Blessed. of Sinner, Saint and Blessed. of

Sinner, Saint and Blessed. Saint and Blessed.

SEAVENTH SONNET

Ex Psal. 143.



Listen O L O R D vnto my Prostrate PRAYER,
 Nor into I V D G M E N T with thy Seruant enter:
 For who is I V S T ? The foule infernall T E M P T E R
 Pursues my S O V L E with Terrors of D E S T A Y R E.
 My hart's all inly Vext. Yet I apply'd mee
 To waigh thy Works, thy Wonders I obserued,
 But to thy M E R C Y the Chiefe place reserued;
 Then Shew my S I N, and in thy Seruice guide mee.
 Succour mee L O R D, Saue mee with expedition;
 My S P I R I T fainteth: therefore mine affection,
 My M I N D E, my S O V L E, I lift (with all Submission)
 To thee my L O R D, my G O D, and my protection:
 Draw mee from D A N G E R vnder thy Tuition,
 For I thy Seruant am by thine Election.



Listen, Listen O Lord vnto my Prostrate prayer, my

Prostrate pray- er, Nor in- to Judgment with thy

Seruant en- ter : For who, is Iust? For who, O who is Iust? The

foule In-fernall Tempter pursies my Soule with terrors, with terrors of Despay'r.

My hart's all inly vexed, inly vexed, My hart's all inly vexed : Yet I apply'd

me to waigh thy Works, thy Wonders I obserued, But to thy Mercy, But to thy

Mercy the Chief place, the Chief place referued : the Chief place referued :

Then Shew my Sin, and in thy Seruice guide me. Then shew my Sin, shew my Sin,

Then shew my Sin, my Sin, and in thy Seruice guide me.



Vccour me Lord, Sau me; Succour me Lord, sau me

with expe-diti'on, with expe-di- ti'on, My Spirit fainteth,

therfore mine affecti'on, My Spirit fainteth, therfore mine affecti'on, My Minde, my

Soule I lift with all Submis- si'on, with all Submissi'on, To thee my Lord, my

God, my God, my God, and my Protec'ti'on: and my Protection: Draw

me from Danger vnder thy Tu-i-ti'on; Draw me from Danger, Draw me from Dan-

ger vnder thy Tu-i-ti'on; For I thy Servant am, For I thy Servant am by thine

Election, by thine Election.

FINIS.

4
1996 12 11 201
rcma 1916 B197/4

TENOR.

MVSICA SACRA: TO Sixe Voyces.

Composed in the Italian tongue
BY
GIOVANNI CROCE.

Newly Englished.



IN LONDON
PRINTED BY THOMAS ESTE,
the assigne of William Barley.
1608.

To the vertuous Louers of Musick.



3
These Sonnets, composed first most exquisitely in Italian by
Sior. Francesco Bembo a Gentleman of Italie; were so
admired of Giovan. Croce, one of the most excellent Mu-
sicians of the world; as well for their Poesie, as Pietie (the
Substance of them being drawnen from those seauen nota-
ble Psalms called Penetentials; indited by that sweete
Singer of Israel, inspired of the holie Spirit) as that hee
thought it worthy of his skill in Musick, to apply them to
this Harmonie of Sixe parts; as well to honour their Author and his Compositi-
on, as to give a profitable Delight unto the vertuous. And my selfe often obseruing
the generall applause given these Songs when I haue heard them soong, (though
sometimes without the words) thought it would be verie gratefull to many of our
English louers of Musick, if they were translated, or imitated in our tongue: the
rather, because through their want of understanding the Italian, they are depri-
ued of a Chief part of their delight. For albeit that the verie concord of the Note
may sweetly strike the outward sense of the eare; yet it is the Dittie, which con-
nayeth with the Musick to the intellectual Soule, by the Organs of hearing, that
doth touch the hart, and stir the affections eyther to Ioycondnes, or Sadnes, Lenitie,
or Grauitie, according to the nature of the Composition: in which respect (especi-
ally) the articulate voice of man excelleth all other voices, and Instruments in the
world. Besides I supposed, that the Scarctie (not onely in our tongue, but in all
other vulgars) of Musick in this kinde, whereby men may be edified and God
glorified, would make these the more acceptable; and peraduenture be a motiue to
some of our excellent Musicians to dedicate their diuine skill to the Service of God,
in Songs of this more Sanctified kinde In which respects; and for that I was en-
couraged thereto by some, Skilfull in this Arte: I haue aduentured to publish these
(otherwise destinate to priuacie) unto the view of the world: Although I am not
Ignorant that in this curious age, it is likely to run the ordinary fortune (eu-
en of more exact labours) upon the Shelues of ridged censure: But the Gentle, will
winck at small faults where they spie them: As for the Supercilious Critick if
(after he haue compared them with the Originall) he dislike them: he may please
himselfe, and doe them all better: But doe Yee accept them with a Sereine browe,
and use them to the glory of God, and your Faudable and Christian delight.
Fare yee well.

Your well-willer

R. H.

FIRST SONNET

Ex *Psal. 6.*

Ord,in thy wrath reproue mee not feuarly,
 Nor punish me in thy deseru'd displeasure:
 Haue mercy on my Sinns exceeding measure,
 For full of feares,my Soule is vexed drearly.

Sauie it (O Lord) Almighty-most Supernall,
 Sauie it (alas) from the uer-neuer Dying:
 For who in deep Hell (and fierce Torments frying)
 Shall sing thy praise,or can extoll th'Eternall?
 Long haue I Languisht in my grieuous Sorrow's,
 My Bed and bosome,with my teares I water:
 My foes Despight hath ploughd my face with furrows.
 But (now my Soule) let the vngodly Scatter:
 Hence yee wicked, sith God (so gracious for vs)
 Hath heard my moan, and doth regard my matter.

Of 6. voc. First part.

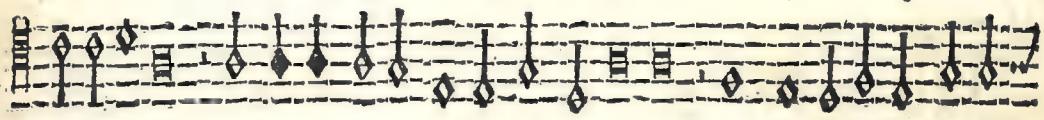
T E N O R. Signor non mi riprender.



Ord,in thy wrath reproue me not seuearly, Lord



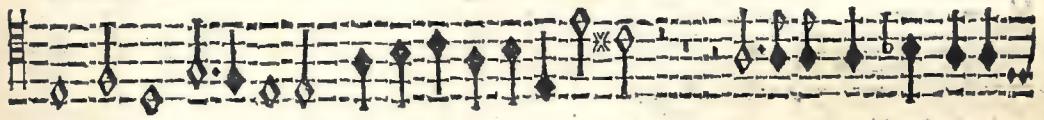
in thy wrath reproue me not: Lord in thy wrath reproue me



not seuearly, Nor punish me in thy deseru'd displeasure: Haue mercie on my Sins ex-



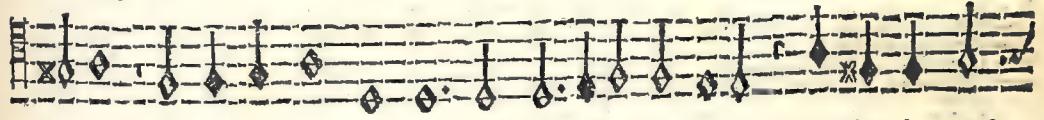
ceeding mea- sure: For full of feares,



my Soule is vex- ed drear- ly. Sause it O Lord Almighty



most Supernall, Sause it O Lord Almighty: Sause it, alas, from th' euer-ne-uer Dy-



ing: For who in deep Hell, and fierce Tor- ments frysing, Shall sing thy praise,

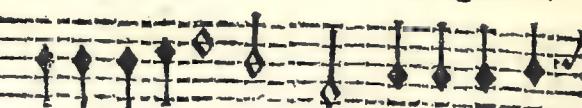
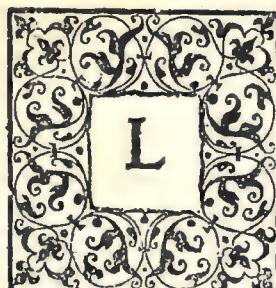


or can extoll th'Eternall: or can extoll, or can extoll th'Eter-



nal:

A.ij.



Ong haue I Lan- guisht, Long haue I Languisht

in my grieuous Sor- row's: My Bed and bosom,

with my tear's I water: My foes Despight hath plow'd my face with furrow's:

My foes Despight hath plow'd my face with furrow's: hath plow'd my face,

hath plow'd my face with furrow's: But now my Soule, my Soule, let th'ungod-

ly Seat- ter: Hence, hence ye wicked; Sith God so gratio'ns, Sith God so gratio'ns;

God so gratio'ns, God so gracio'ns for vs: Hath heard my moan, and doth regard

my mat- ter. and doth regard, regard my mat- ter.

SECOND SONNET

Ex Psal. 32.



Leſſed are they, whose faults (ſo oft forbidden)
Haue free forgiuenes, and a full remiſſion:
And they whose ſinnes (of A& and of Omission)
Are not Imputed, but in mercy hidden.

Therefore my Crime I haue confeſt before thee;
Which graciously (my God) thou haſt forgiuen:
The more therefore I Laude thee (King of Heauen)
And all thy Saints ſhall in due time adore thee.
O thou my Refuge, and my Conſolation,
Deliuere me my God which art Almighty:
From Enemies that enuie my Saluation.
A many Rods purſue the Sinner (rightly)
But thoſe that place in thee their expeſtation,
Grace ſhall embrace. Ioy yee that walk vprightly.

Of 6. voc. First part.

8 TENOR.

Beati qui.



Lessed are they, whose faults so oft forbidden, whose

faults so oft forbidden, Haue free forgiuenes and a full re-

missi'on : Haue free forgiuenes, and a full remissi'on : And they whose Sins, And

they whose Sins, whose Sins of Act, and of Omissi'on, Are not Impated, but in

mercy hidden. Therfore my Crime, Therfore my Crime I haue confess before

thee, Which graci'ously (my God) thou hast forgiuen: The more therfore I

Laude, thee (King of Heau'n) And all thy Saints shall in due time, all thy

Saints shall in due time, And all thy Saints shall in due time adore thee.



Thou my Refuge and my Conso-la- ti'on,

my Conso-la- ti'on, Deliuer me my

God, which art Almighty: which art Almighty: From E- ne-

mies that en- uie my Saluati'on. my Sal- uati'on. A many Rods pur-

sue the Sin- ner rightly; But those that place in thee their Expectati'on, Grace

shall embrace. Grace shall embrace. Grace shall embrace. Ioy yee that walk vpright-

ly. vprightly. Ioy yee that walk vprightly. Ioy yee that walk vprightly.

THIRD SONNET

Ex Psal. 38.



Ord, in thine Anger doe no more reprooue me,
 Nor in thy Furie multiply my Sorrows ;
 For in my flesh I Feele thy fearfull Arrows !
 Thy heauie hand doth vnto Goodnes mooue me.

Sick, in it selfe my Soule doth Sigh and Languish :

Because my Sins so Wholly ouercame mee,

Sorely afflicted, and all humbled am I ;

And in my playnt, my hart Roars out for Anguish.

My Strength eu'n fail's me, and my Sight hath fled me,

And euery one Endeauours to vndoo mee,

But I as Deaf, the while with Dumbnes sped me.

In thee I hope (my God) Ah listen to me :

Ah, Leauue me not (thou that canst best beseet me)

Thou my Saluation, and Comfort sole vnto me.



Ord in thine Anger doe no more reprove me:

Nor in thy Furie multiply my Sorrow's: For in my

flesh I Feele; in my Flesh I feele thy fearefull Arrows; Thy heauie hand doth vnto

Goodnesse moue me. Sick, in it selfe my Soule doth Sigh and Languish; doth

Sigh and Lan- guish: Because my Sins so wholely, because my Sins so wholely

ouercame mee: Sorely afflicted, afflicted, and all humbled am I:

And in my plaint my hart Roars out,

Roars out, Roars out, for an- guish, for an- guish,



Y Strength eu'n fail's, eu'n fail's

me, And my Sight, my Sight hath fled me, fled me,

hath fled me, fled me: And eu'rie one Endeauours, Endeauours to vndoo me:

But I as Deafned, the while with Dumbnes, Dumbnes sped me. In thee I

hope (my G OD) Ah listen, listen to me. Ah! Ah Leave thou me not: Ah Leave

thou me not, Thou, my Saluati'on, thou my Saluati'on, and Comfort sole, and Comfort

sole, and Comfort sole, and Comfort sole unto me, and Comfort sole unto me, unto me.

FOVRTH SONNET

Ex Psal. 51.

Hew mercy Lord on mee most haynous Sinner,
 And mortifie my Sin so grieuous guiltie;
 O cleanse me from it, Purifie me Filthy;
 For in thy sight Lord I am onely Sinner.

In Sin (thou know'st) my Sinfull mother bore mee;

But O thou Guide vnto the heau'ly Cittie,

Wash, wash my Soule in Lauer of thy Pittie,

So shall no Snowe in whitenesse goe before mee.

Giue me a cleane hart, an vntainted Spirit;

And of thy Grace, and Face bereauue me neuer;

So shall I more adore thy Name and feare it,

And to thy Seruice more and more endeauour:

Sith broken haits (as doth thy Voice auerr it)

Are th'only Sacrifice thou Ioy'st in euer.



Hew mercie Lord on me, O Lord on me, most hay-

nous Sinner; And mortifie my Sin, my Sin so grieuous.

guiltie: so grieuous guiltie: O cleanse me from it, And Purifie me Filthy, me Fil-

thy, and Purifie me Filthy, me Filthy: For in thy Sight Lord I am onely,

onely Sinner. In Sin thou knowest my Sinfull Mother bore. me:

Thou Guide vnto the heau'ny Citie: Wash, O wash my Soule

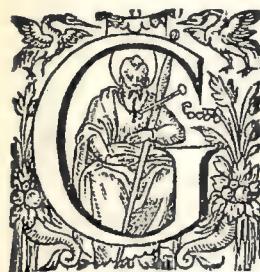
in Lauer of thy pittie; So shall no Snow, no Snow, So shall no

Snow in whitenes goe before me. So shall no Snow, no Snow: So

shall no Snow, no Snow in whitenes goe before me.

Of 6. voc. Second part.

15 T E N O R. *Dammi un cor mondo.*



Iue me a cleane hart, an vntainted Spirit,

an vntainted Spirit: And of thy Grace and Face bereaue

me neuer: And of thy Grace and Face, And of thy Grace and Face be-

reaue me neuer: So shall I more adore thy Name, and feare it: thy Name and

feare it: thy Name and feare, thy Name and feare it: And to thy Service

more and more, and more Endeauour: Are th'only Sa-crifice thou Ioy'st in

Euer. Are th'only Sacrifice thou Ioyest in Euer, thou Ioyest in Euc-

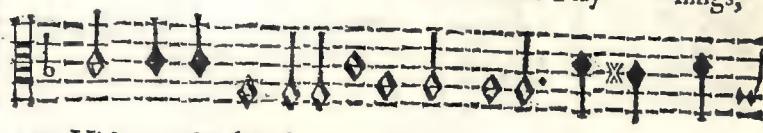
FIFT SONNET

Ex *Psal. 102.*

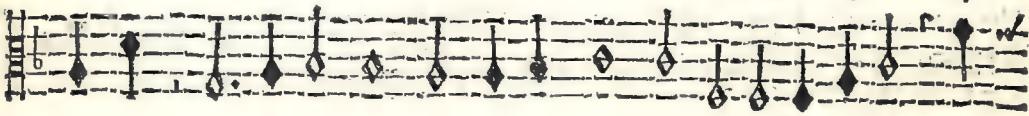
Arken O Lord vnto mine humble Playnings,
 Hide not thy Face for euer in thine Anger :
 My Dayes doe vade as Smoak, my hart in Langor,
 Hyes (Flyes) to thee: why Shu'nst thou my Complaynings?
 Friends haue I none; now from me All are flying :
 In sted of Bread I haue ben fed with Ashes,
 My Drinck my Tears ; while I haue felt the Lashes
 Of thy fierce Wrath, for all mine often Crying.
 All Kings and Nationis shall admire thy Glory,
 When thou, the Sighs of humble Soules attendest ;
 It shall be Writ in an Eternall Story.
 Ah ! Leaue me not, Thou, thiu that All Defendest,
 That madest All (Heau'n, Earth, and Ocean hoarie)
 That neuer didst Begin, and neuer Endest.



Arken Lord vnto mine humble Play- nings,



Hide not thy face for euer in thine Anger: My Dayes



doe vade, doe vade as Smoak, doe vade as Smoak, My hart in Lan- gor, Hyes



(flyes) to thee, why Shun'st thou my Complaynings? my Complaynings? Friends



haue I none, Friends haue I none, now from mee All are flying: In stead of



Bread, I haue ben fed with Ashes: In stead of Bread I haue ben fed with Ashes:



My Drinck my Tear's; While I haue felt the Lashes, Of thy fierce Wrath,



While I haue felt the Lashes, For all, for all mine often Cryings.



LL Kings and Nati'ons shall admi'er, admi'er thy

Glo- ry, When thou the Sighs of th'umble, When

thou the Sighs of humble Soules atten- deft; It shall be Writ in an Eternall

Story. It shall bee Writ, It shall bee Writ, in an Eternall Storie, in

an Eternall Story. Ah! Leave me not thou, Thou that All Defendest, That

madest All, That madest All (Heau'n, Earth, and Oce'an, Heau'n, Earth, and Oce'an

hoarie) That neuer didst Begin, and neuer En- dest, and neuer Endest,

SIXT SONNET

Ex Psal. 102.

From profound CENTER of my hart I cryed
 To thee O Lord, L o R D let thine EAR e draw neer mee,
 To note my M O V R N I N G s, and quick-quickly heare mee;
 Heare my Sad G R O N E s, to thy Sweet G R A C E applyed.
 L O R D, if thou looke with R I G O V R downe into V s,
 To mark our S I N, O who shall then abide it?
 But, if with P A R D O N thou bee pleas'd to hide it
 (If M E R C Y thou Vouchsafe) What shall Vndoo V s?
 Upon thy W O R D my S O V L E hath firmly reared
 Her Tower of T R V S T, there is my H O P E possessed;
 With thee is M E R C Y, that thou maist bee feared;
 M E R C Y, for those that are in S O V I L depressed.
 I S R A E L s Redeemer, W hom thou hast endeered
 Beecom's through thee, of S I N N E R, S A I N T, and B L E S S E D.



Rom Profound Center of my hart, to thee I cri'ed, I

cri'ed: to thee I cri'ed O Lord, O Lord, Lord let thine

earc draw neere mee, To note my mourning; To note my mourning, and

quickly heare mee: and quickly heare mee: Heare my Sad Grones to thy Sweet Grace,

To thy Sweet Grace: To thy Sweet Grace apply'ed: Lord, if thou looke with Rigor

down into Vs, to mark our Sins, O who shall then abide it? who shall abide it?

But if thou be pleas'd: But if with pardon thou be pleas'd to hide it,

(If thou Mercy vouchsafe) what shall vndoo Vs? (if thou Mercy vouch-

safe, What shall vndoo Vs? What shall vndoo Vs? What shall vndoo Vs?

Of 6. voc. Second part.

2. TENOR.

Nel la parola tua.



Pon thy Word my Soule, hath firmly reared:

hath firmly reared her Tower of Trust; There is my

Hope possessed; for with thee is Mercy, that thou maist be fea- red; Mer-

cy, for those, that are depressed, in Soule depressed. Is-ra-els Redeemer, Is-ra-

els Redeemer: Whom thou hast endeered, Becom's through thee, of Sinner,

Saint and Blessed. of Sinner, Saint and Blessed. of Sinner, Saint and Blessed.

of Sinner, Saint and Blessed. of Sinner, Saint and Blessed. and Blessed.

SEAVENTH SONNET

Ex *Psal. 143.*

Isten O L O R D vnto my Prostrate P R A Y E R,

Nor into I V D G M E N T with thy Seruant enter:

For who is I v s t? The foule infernall T E M P T E R

Pursues my S O V L E with Terrors of D E S P A Y R E.

My hart's all inly Vext. Yet I apply'd mee

To waigh thy Works, thy Wonders I obserued,

But to thy M E R C Y the Chiefe place referued;

Then Shew my S I N, and in thy Seruice guide mee.

Succour mee L O R D, Sane mee with expedition;

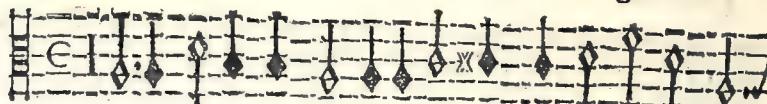
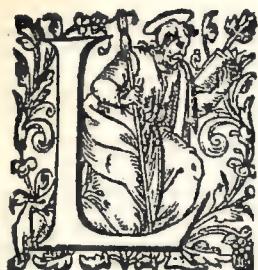
My S P I R I T fainteth: therefore mine affection,

My M I N D E, my S O V L E, I lift (with all Submission)

To thee my L O R D, my G O D, and my protection:

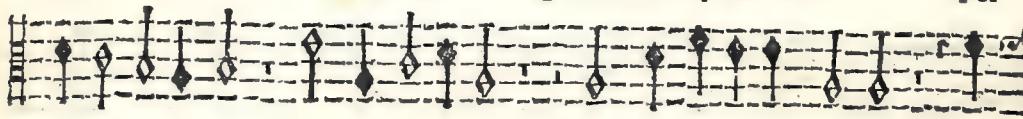
Draw mee from D A N G E R vnder thy Tuition,

For I thy Seruant am by thine Election.



Isten, Listen O Lord vnto my Prostrate prayer, Prostrate

prayer, Nor into Iudgment with thy Seruant enter : For



who, O who is Iust? For who, is Iust? The foule In-fernall Tempter pur-



sues my Soule with terrors, with terrors of Despay'r. My hart's all inly vexed: My



hart's all inly vexed: all inly vexed: Yet I apply'd me to waigh thy Works, thy Wonders



I ob-served, But to thy Mercy, But to thy Mercy the Chief place refer-



ued: the Chief place reserved: Then Shew my Sin, and in thy Seruice guide me. Then



Shew my Sin, Then shew my Sin, Then shew my Sin, and in thy Seruice guide me.

Vccour me Lord, Saue mee, saue mee with expe-di-
 ti'on, with expe-di-ti'on, with expe-di-ti'on, My Spirit
 fainteth, My Spirit fainteth, therefore mine affec-
 tion, My
 Minde, my Soule I lift, my Minde my Soule I lift with all Submissi'on, To thee my
 Lord, my God, my God, and my Protec'ti'on: my God, and my Protec'ti'on: Draw me from
 Danger vnder thy Tu-i-
 ti'on; Draw me from Danger, draw me from Danger vnder
 thy Tu-i-
 ti'on; For I thy Seruant am, For I thy Seruant am by thine
 by thine Elec'ti'on. by thine Elec'ti'on, by thine Elec'ti'on.

FINIS.

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SEXTVS.

MVSICA SACRA: TO Sixe Voyces.

Composed in the Italian tongue
BY
GIOVANNI CROCE.

Newly Englished.



IN LONDON
PRINTED BY THOMAS ESTE,
the assigne of William Barley.
1608.

To the vertuous Louers of Musicke.



3
These Sonnets, composed first most exquisitely in Italian by
Sior. Francesco Bembo a Gentleman of Italie; were so
admired of Giouan. Croce, one of the most excellent Mu-
sicians of the world; as well for their Poesie, as Pietie (the
Substance of them being drawnen from those seauen nota-
ble Psalms called Penetentials; indited by that sweete
Singer of Israel, inspired of the holie Spirit) as that hee
thought it worthy of his skill in Musicke, to apply them to
this Harmonie of Sixe parts; as well to honour their Author and his Compositi-
on, as to give a profitable Delight unto the vertuous. And my selfe often obseruynge
the generall applause giuen these Songs when I haue heard them soong, (though
somtimes without the words) thought it would be verie gratefull to many of our
English louers of Musick, if they were translated, or imitated in our tongue: the
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or Grauitie, according to the nature of the Composition: in which respect (especi-
ally) the articulate voice of man excelleth all other voices, and Instruments in the
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other vulgars) of Musicke in this kinde, whereby men may be edified and God
glorified, would make these the more acceptable; and peraduenture be a motiue to
some of our excellent Musicians to dedicate their divine skill to the Service of God,
in Songs of this more Sanctified kinde. In which respects; and for that I was en-
couraged thereto by some, Skilfull in this Arte: I haue aduentured to publish these
(otherwise destinate to priuacie) unto the view of the world: Although I am not
Ignorant that in this curious age, it is likely to run the ordinary fortune (eu-
er of more exact labours) upon the Shelles of ridged censure: But the Gentle, will
winck at small faults where they spie them: As for the Supercilious Critick if
(after he haue compared them with the Original) he dislike them: he may please
himselfe, and doe them all better: But doe Yee accept them with a Serene browe,
and use them to the glory of God, and your Laudable and Christian delight.
Fare yee well.

Your well-willer

R. H.

FIRST SONNET

Ex Psal. 6.



Ord,in thy wrath reproue mee not seuearly,
 Nor punish me in thy deseru'd displeasure :
 Haue mercy on my Sinns exceeding measure,
 For full of feares,my Soule is vexed drearly.

Saue it (O Lord) Almighty-most Supernall,
 Saue it (alas) from the uer-neuer Dying :
 For who in deepe Hell (and fierce Torments frying)
 Shall sing thy praise,or can extoll th'Eternall ?
 Long haue I Languisht in my grieuous Sorrow's,
 My bed and bosome,with my teares I water :
 My foes Despight hath ploughd my face with furrows.
 But (now my Soule) let the vngodly Scatter :
 Hence yee wicked, sith God (so gracious for vs)
 Hath heard my moan, and doth regard my matter.



Ord in thy wrath reproue me not feuar-

ly, Lord in thy wrath reproue me not feuearly, not feuearly,

Nor punish me in thy deseru'd displeasure: Haue mercie on my Sins exceeding mea-

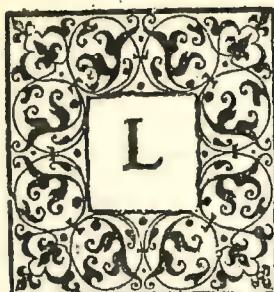
sure: My Sins, exceeding measure: For full of feares, my Soule, my Soule

is vexed, is vexed dreatly. Saue it O Lord Almightye, Saue it O Lord Almightye,

Saue it O Lord Almightye-most, Supernall, Saue it, alas, from th' euer-ne-

uer Dying: For who in deep Hell, deep Hell, and fierce Torments frysing; Shall

sing thy praise, Shall sing thy praise, or can extoll th'Eternall? th'Eter-



Ong haue I Languisht in my grieuous Sorrow's: Long

haue I Languisht in my grieuous Sorrow's: My Bed, and

bosom, with my tear's I water: My foes Despight, My foes Despight,

My foes Despight hath plow'd my face with fur- row's, But now my.

Soule, my Soule let th'ungodly Scatter: Hence, hence ye wicked; Sith God so gratio'us

for vs, Sith God so gratio'us, God so gratio'us for vs: Hath heard my moan, and doth

regard my matter. and doth regard, my matter,

7

SECOND SONNET

Ex Psal. 32.



Lessed are they, whose faults (so oft forbidden)
Haue free forgiuenes, and a full remission:
And they whose Sinns (of Act and of Omission)
Are not Imputed, but in mercy hidden.

Therefore my Crime I haue confest before thee;
Which graciously (my God) thou hast forgiuen:
The more therefore I Laude thee (King of Heauen)
And all thy Saints shall in due time adore thee.
O thou my Refuge, and my Consolation,
Deliuier me my God which art Almighty:
From Enemies that enuie my Saluation.
A many Rods pursue the Sinner (rightly)
But those that place in thee their expectation,
Grace shall embrace. Ioy yee that walk vprightly.



Lefsed are they, whose faults so oft forbidden, Haue

free forgiuenes and a full remissi'on: a full remissi'on:

And a full remissi'on: re- missi'on: And they whose Sins, they whose Sins of Act,

And they whose Sins, whose Sins of Act, and of Omis- si'on, are not Imputed,

but in mercy hidden. Therfore my Crime I haue confess before thee, Which gra-

ci'ously (my God) thou hast forgiuen: The more therefore I Laude thee (King of

Heau'n) the more therefore I Laude thee King of Heau'n, And all thy Saints shall in

due time adore thee. due time adore thee. All thy Saints shall in due time

adore thee. in due time adore, adore thee.



Thou my Refuge and Conso-la-

tion, and my Conso-lati'on, Deliuer me my God,

Deliuer me my God, which art Almighty: From Enemies that enuie

my Saluati'on, my Sal- uati'on. A many Rods pursue the Sinner right-

ly; But those that place in thee their Expesta- ti'on, Grace shall em-

brace. Grace shall embrace. Grace shall embrace. Joy yee that walk vprightly.

Joy yee that walk vprightly. vprightly. Joy yee that walk vprightly.

THIRD SONNET

Ex Psal. 38.

Ord, in thine Anger doe no more reprooue me,
 Nor in thy Furie multiply my Sorrows ;
 For in my flesh I Feele thy fearfull Arrows :
 Thy heauie hand doth vnto Goodnes mooue me.

Sick, in it selfe my Soule doth Sigh and Languish :
 Because my Sins so Wholly ouercame mee,
 Sorely afflieted, and all humbled am I ;
 And in my playnt, my hart Roars out for Anguish.

My Strength eu'n fail's me, and my Sight hath fled me,
 And euery one Endeauours to vndoo mee,
 But I as Deaf, the while with Dumbnes sped me.

In thee I hope (my God) Ah listen to me :
 Ah, Leau me not (thou that canst best bested me)
 Thou my Saluation, and Comfort sole vnto me.



Ord in thine Anger doe no more reproue me : Nor

in thy Furie multiply my Sorrow's, multiply my Sorrow's :

For in my Flesh I feele; For in my Flesh I feele thy fearfull Arrows; Thy hea-

tie hand doth vnto Goodnesse moue me. Sick, in it selfe my Soule doth

Sigh and Languish; doth Sigh and Languish: and Languish; Because my

Sins so wholely ouercame mee: Sorely afflicted, afflicted, afflicted, and all

humbled am I: And in my plaint my hart Roars

out, Roars out

for an- guish, for an- guish.

B. iij.



Y Strength en'n fail's, eu'n fail's me, And my Sight,

my Sight hath fled me, fled me, hath fled me, fled me:

And eu'rie one Endeauours to vn- doo me: But I as Deafned, she while

with Dumbnes, Dumbnes sped me. In thee I hope (my G O D) Ah listen, to

mee: Ah, listen to mee. Ah! Ah Leave thou me not: Ah Leave thou me not,

Thou, my Salua- ti'on, thou my Salua- ti'on, and Comfort sole,

and Comfort sole, and Comfort sole, and Comfort sole vnto mee. and Comfort

sole, and Comfort sole vnto mee,

FOVRTH SONNET

Ex *Psal. 51.*

Hew mercy Lord on mee most haynous Sinner,
 And mortifie my Sin so grieuous guiltie;
 O cleanse me from it, Purifie me Filthy;
 For in thy sight Lord I am onely Sinner.

In Sin (thou know'ſt) my Sinfull mother bore mee:

But O thou Guide vnto the heau'ny Cittie,
 Wash, wash my Soule in Lauer of thy Pittie,
 So shall no Snowe in whitenesse goe before mee.

Giue me a cleane hart, an vntainted Spirit;
 And of thy Grace, and Face bereaueme neuer;

So shall I more adore thy Name and feare it,
 And to thy Seruice more and more endeauour:

Sith broken harts (as doth thy Voice auer it)
 Are th'only Sacrifice thou Joyſt in euer.



Hew mercie Lord on me, O Lord on me, most haynous

Sinner; And mortifie my Sin, my Sin so grieuous guiltie:

grieuous guiltie: And Purifie me Filthy, and Purifie me Fil-

thy, and Purifie me Filthy: For in thy sight O Lord, I am onely Sin-

ner. In Sin thou knowest my Sinfull Mother bore me: But O thou

Guide vnto the heau'ny the heau'ny Cittie: Wash, wash my Sôule in Lauer

of thy pitie: So shall no Snow, no Snow, So shall no Snow, no Snow, So

shall no Snow, no Snow in whitenes goe before me. So shall no Snow, no Snow in

white- nes goe before me.



Give me a cleane hart, an vntainted Spirit: an

vntainted an vntainted Spirit: And of thy Grace and

Face, bereave me never: And of thy Grace and Face bereave me never: So shall I

more adore, So shall I more adore thy Name, and feare it: thy Name, and

feare it: thy Name and feare it: And to thy Seruice more and

more, thy Seruice more and more, and more Endeauour: Sith broken harts as

doth thy voyce auer it: Sith broken harts as doth thy voyce auer it, Are th'only

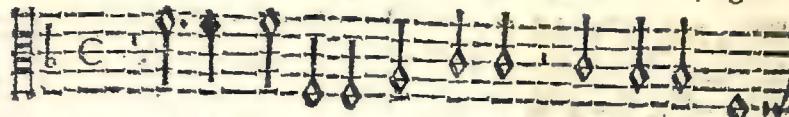
Sacrifice, thou Joyest in Euer. thou Joyest in E- uer.

FIFT SONNET

Ex Psal. 102.



Arken O Lord vnto mine humble Playnings,
 Hide not thy Face for euer in thine Anger :
 My Dayes doe vade as Smoak, my hart in Langor,
 Hyes (Flyes) to thee: why Shunst thou my Complaynings?
 Friends haue I none; now from me All are flying :
 In sted of Bread I haue ben fed with Ashes,
 My Drinck my Tears ; while I haue felt the Lashes
 Of thy fierce Wrath, for all mine often Crying.
 All Kings and Nati:ons shall admire thy Glory,
 When thou, the Sighs of humble Soules attendest,
 It shall be Writ in an Eternall Story.
 Ah ! Leaue me not, Thou, thou that All Defendest,
 That madest All (Heavn, Earth, and Ocean hoarie)
 That neuer didst Begin, and neuer Endest.



Arken Lord vnto mine humble, mine humble Play-

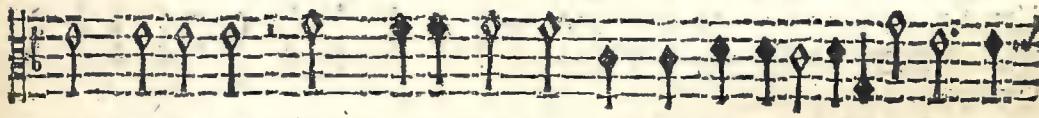
nings; Hide not thy face for euer, for euer, in thine Anger: My



Dayes doe vade, doe vade, doe vade as Smoak, as Smoak, My hart in Lan-



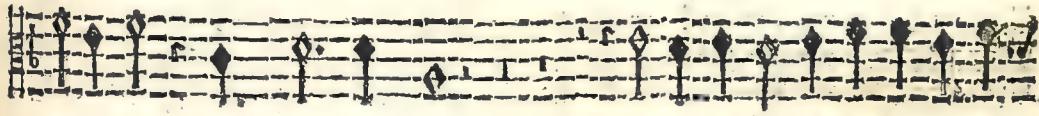
gor, Hyes (flyes) to thee, why Shun'st thou my Complay- nings?



Friends haue I none, Friends haue I none, now from mee All are fly- ing: In



stead of Bread, I haue ben fed with Ashes, In stead of Bread, I haue ben fed with



A shes, My Drinck, my Tear's, While I haue felt the Lasties, Of thy



fierce Wrath, For all mine often Cryings.



LL Kings and Nati'ons shall adm'r, adm'r thy

Glo- ry, When thou the Sighs of humble Soules at-

tendest; It shall be Writ, It shall bee Writ, It shall

bee Writ, It shall be Writ in an Eternall Sto- rie. Ah! Leave me

not thou, Thou that All Defen- dest, That madest All, That madest All

(Heau'n, Earth, and Oce'an, and Oce'an hoarie) That never didst Begin, and

neuer Endest, and neuer Endest.

29

SIXT SONNET

Ex Psal. 102.

From profound CENTER of my hart I cryed
To thee O Lord, L o R D let thine E A R S draw neer mee,
To note my M O V R N I N G s, and quick-quickly heare mee;
Hearc my Sad G R O N E s, to thy Sweet G R A C E applyed.
L O R D, if thou looke with R I G O V R downe into V s,
To mark our S I N, O who shall then abide it?
But, if with P A R D O N thou bee pleas'd to hide it
(If M E R C Y thou Vouchsafe) What shall Vndoo V s?
Vpon thy W O R D my S O V I E hath firmly reared
Her Tower of T R V S T, there is my H O P E possessed;
With thee is M E R C Y, that thou maist bee feared;
M E R C Y, for those that are in S O V I E depressed,
I S R A E L s Redeemer, Whom thou hast endeered
Beccomis through thee, of S I N N E R, S A I N T and B L E S S E D.

C.ij.



Rom Profound Center of my hart, of my hart to thee I

cri'd, to thee I cri'd O Lord, O Lord, O Lord, Lord

let thine eare draw neere mee, To note my mourning; and quickly heare

mee: and quickly heare mee: Heare my Sad Groans to thy Sweet Grace, ap-

plied: Lord if thou looke with Rigor down into Vs, to mark our Sins, O

who shall then abide it? O who shall then abide, abide it? But if thou bee

pleas'd: But if with pardon thou be pleas'd to hide it, be pleas'd to hide it (If thou Mer-

cy vouchsafe, if thou Mercy vouchsafe) what shal vndoo Vs? (if thou Mer-

cy vouchsafe, what shall vndoo vs? what shall vndoo Vs?)



Pon thy Word my Soule, hath firmly reared: hath

firmly reared her Tow'rs of Trust; there is my Hope, there

is my Hope pos- fessed; for with thee, with thee is Mercy, that thou maist be fea-

red; Mercy for those, that are in Soule depressed: in Soule depressed: Is-ra-

els Redeemer, Whom thou hast endeered, thou hast endeered, Becon's

through thee, of Sinner, Saint and Blessed. of Sinner, Saint and Blessed. of Sinner,

Saint, of Sinner, Saint & Blessed. of Sinner, Saint & Blessed. of Sinner, Saint and Blessed.

SEAVENTH SONNET

Ex *Psal.* 143.

Isten O L O R D vnto my Prostrate P R A Y E R,
 Nor into I V D G M E N T with thy Seruant enter:
 For who is I v s T E R The foule infernall T E M P T E R
 Pursues my S O V L E with Terrors of D E S P A Y R E.

My hart's all inly Vext. Yet I apply'd mee
 To waigh thy Works, thy Wonders I obserued,
 But to thy M E R C Y the Chiefe place referued?
 Then Shew my S I N, and in thy Seruice guide mee.
 Succour mee L O R D, Saue mee with expedition,
 My S P I R I T fainteth: therefore mine affection,
 My M I N D E, my S O V L E, I lift (with all Submission)
 To thee my L O R D, my G o D, and my protection:
 Draw mee from D A N G E R vnder thy Tuition,
 For I thy Seruant am by thine Election.



Isten, Listen O Lord, Listen, Listen O Lord vnto my

Prostrate pray- er: Nor into Iudgment with thy

Seruant enter: For who, O who is Just? The foule In-fernall Tempter put-

sues my Soule with terrors, terrors of Despay'r: My hart's all inly vexed, My

hart's all inly vexed, my hart's all inly vexed, vexed. Yet I apply'd me to

waigh thy Works, thy Wonders I obser- ued: But to thy Mercy, but to thy

Mer- cy the Chief place reserved: the Chief place reserved: Then shew my

Sin, my Sin, Then shew my Sin, Then shew my Sin, my Sin, and in thy Seruice guide me.



Vccour me Lord, Sae me, saue me with expe-

diti'on, with expe-diti'on, My Spirit fainteth, therefore

mine affec-ti'on, My Spirit fainteth, therefore mine affec-ti'on, My Minde, my

Soule I lift with all Submissi'on: with all Submissi'on, To thee my Lord, my

God, my God and my Protecti'on: my God and my Protecti'on: Draw me from

Danger under thy Tu-i-tion; For I thy Seruant am, For I thy Seruant am by

thine Electi'on, by thine Electi'on, by thine Electi'on, by thine Electi'on, by thine Electi'on.

FINIS.

1996 12 11 201
RCMA 1916 B197/6

BASSVS.

MVSICA SACRA: TO Sixe Voyces.

Composed in the Italian tongue
BY
GIOVANNI CROCE.

Newly Englished.



IN LONDON
PRINTED BY THOMAS ESTE,
the assigne of William Barley.
1608.

To the vertuous Louers of Musicke.



3
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FIRST SONNET

Ex Psal. 6.

Ord, in thy wrath reproue mee not feuarly,
 Nor punish me in thy deseru'd displeasure:
 Haue mercy on my Sinns exceeding measure,
 For full of feares, my Soule is vexed drearly.
 Saue it (O Lord) Almighty-most Supernall,
 Saue it (alas) from the uer-neuer Dying:
 For who in deep Hell (and fierce Tormentes frying)
 Shall sing thy praise, or can extoll th' Eternall?
 Long haue I languisht in my grieuous Sorrow's,
 My Bed and bosome, with my teares I water:
 My foes Despight hath ploughd my face with furrows.
 But (now my Soule) let the vngodly Scatter:
 Hence yee wicked, sith God (so gracious for vs)
 Hath heard my moan, and doth regard my matter.

Of 6. voc. First part.

BASSVS. Signor non nisi riprender.



Ord in thy wrath reproue me not seuearly, Lord in thy

wrath reproue me not seuear- ly: Nor punish me

in thy deseru'd displeasure: Haue mercie, on my Sins exceeding measure: My

Sins exceeding measure: For full of feares, my Soule, is vex- ed drearly.

Saue it O Lord Almighty-most Supernall: Saue it O Lord Almighty-most Su-

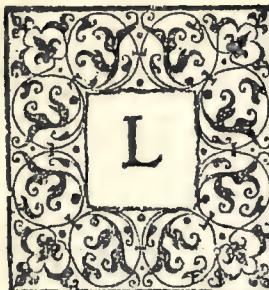
pernall: Saue it alas, from th'euer-neuer Dying: For who in deep Hell, and fierce

Tor- ments frying, Shall sing thy praise, or can extoll th'Eternall? or can ex-

toll, ex- toll

th'Eternall?

A.ij.



Ong haue I Languisht in my grieuous Sorrow's : my

grieuous Sorrow's : my grieuous Sorrow's : My Bed and bosom

with my tear's I water : My foes Despight hath plow'd my face with furrow's :

My foes Despight hath plow'd my face with furrow's : my face with furrow's :

But now my Soule, my Soule, let th'ungod- ly Scatter : Hence,

hence ye wicked; Sith God so gratio'us for vs: Sith God so gratio'us, God so gratio'us for

vs : Hath heard my moan, and doth regard my matter. and doth regard my matter.

SECOND SONNET

Ex Psal. 32.

Blessed are they, whose faults (so oft forbidden)
 Haue free forgiuenes, and a full remission:
 And they whose Sinns (of Act and of Omission)
 Are not Imputed, but in mercy hidden.

Therefore my Crime I haue confess before thee;
 Which graciously (my God) thou hast forgiuen:
 The more therefore I Laude thee (King of Heauen)
 And all thy Saints shall in due time adore thee.
 O thou my Refuge, and my Consolation,
 Deliuer me my God which art Almighty:
 From Enemies that enuie my Saluation.
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 But those that place in thee their expectation,
 Grace shall embrace. Ioy yee that walk vprightly.



Leſſed are they, whose faults ſo oft forbiſſen, whose

faults ſo oft forbiſſen, Haue free forgiuenes and a fullie.

miſſi'on : Haue free forgiuenes, and a full remiſſi'on : And they whose Sins,

whose Sins, of Act, and of Omissi'on : And of Omissi'on : Are not Imputed, but in

mercy hidden. Therfore my Crime I haue confeſt before thee, Which graci'ouſly

(my God) thou haſt forgiuen : The more therfore I Laude, thee (King of

Heau'n) The more therfore I Laude thee (King of Heau'n) And all thy Saints ſhall in

due time, adore thee. in due time, adore thee, in due time, adore thee.



Thou my Refuge, and Consola- ti'on, and

Conso-la- ti'on, and Conso-la- tion, De-

liuer me my God which art Almighty; De-liuer me my God which art Almigh-

tie, From Enemies, that enuie my Saluati'on, my Sal- uati'on. A many

Rods pursue the Sinner rightly, But those that place in thee, their Expecta-

ti'on, Grace shall embrace. Grace shall embrace. Grace shall embrace. Ioy

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THIRD SONNET

Ex Psal. 38.

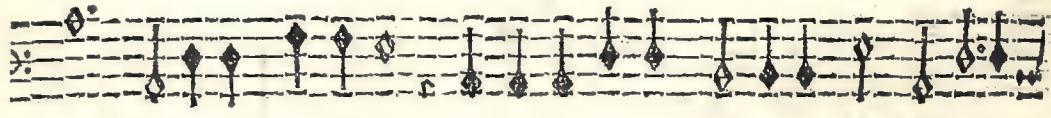
Ord, in thine Anger doe no more reprooue me,
 Nor in thy Furie multiply my Sorrows;
 For in my flesh I Feele thy fearfull Arrows:
 Thy heauie hand doth vnto Goodnes mooue me.
 Sick, in it selfe my Soule doth Sigh and Languish:
 Because my Sins so Wholly ouercame mee,
 Sorely afflicted, and all humbled am I;
 And in my playnt, my hart Roars out for Anguish.
 My Strength eu'n fail's me, and my Sight hath fled me,
 And euery one Endeauours to vndoo mee,
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 In thee I hope (my God) Ah listen to me:
 Ah, Leauue me not (thou that canst best bested me)
 Thou my Saluation, and Comfort sole vnto me.



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in thy Furie multiplie my Sorrows: For in my flesh I



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Goodnes moue mee. Sick in it selfe my Soule doth Sigh, and Lan- guish: doth



Sigh and Languish: Because my Sins so wholy ouercame mee, Sore-



ly afflicted, affl.eted, and all humbled am I; And in my playnt my hart Roars.



out, Roars

out,



Roars.

out for an- guish, for an- guish.



Y Strength eu'n fail's, eu'n fail's me, And my Sight,

my Sight hath fled me, fled me, hath fled me, fled me:

And eu'rie one Endeauours, to vndoo me: But I as Deafned, the while

with Dumbnes, Dumbnes sped me. In thee I hope (my G O D) Ah listen,

Ah, listen to me. Ah! Ah Leave thou me not: Ah Leave thou me not, Thou,

my Saluati'on, thou my Saluati:on, and Comfort sole, vnto me, and Comfort sole v-

to me, and Comfort sole vnto me.

FOVRTH SONNET

Ex Psal. 51.

Hew mercy Lord on mee most haynous Sinner,
 And mortifie my Sin so grieuous guiltie;
 O cleanse me from it, Purifie me Filthy;
 For in thy sight Lord I am onely Sinner.

In Sin (thou know'st) my Sinfull mother bore mee;

But O thou Guide vnto the heau'ny Cittie,
 Wash, wash my Soule in Lauer of thy Pittie,
 So shall no Snowe in whitenesse goe before mee.

Giue me a cleane hart, an vntainted Spirit;
 And of thy Grace, and Face bereauue me neuer;

So shall I more adore thy Name and feare it,
 And to thy Seruice more and more endeauour:

Sith broken harts (as doth thy Voice auerr it)
 Are th'only Sacrifice thou Joy'st in euer.



Hew mercie Lord on me, O Lord on me most haynous

Sinner; And mortifie my Sin, my Sin so grieuous guiltie: O

cleanse me from it, And Purifie me Fil- thy, and Purifie me Filthy,

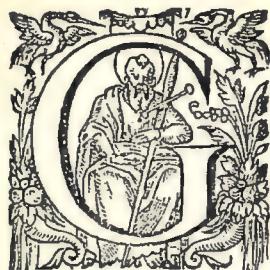
For in thy Sight O Lord I am onely Sinner. In Sin thou knowest my

Sinfull Mother bore me: But O thou Guide vnto the heau' nly Cit- tie:

Wash, wash my Soule in Lauer of thy pittie; So shall no Snow, no Snow, in

whitenes, in whitenes goe before me. So shall no Snow, no Snow in

whitenes goe before me.



Iue me a cleane hart, an vntainted Spirit, an vn-

tainted Spirit: And of thy Grace and Face bereaue me

neuer; And of thy Grace and Face bereaue me neuer: So shall I more a-

dore thy Name, and feare it: thy Name and feare it: thy Name, thy Name and

feare it: thy Name and feare it: And to thy Seruice more and more, thy Seruice more

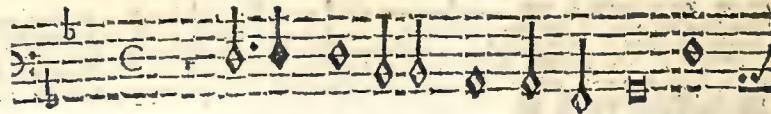
and more Endeauour: Are th'only Sa-crifice thou Ioy'st in Euer. Are th'only

Sacrifice thou Ioyest in Euer. thou Ioyest in Euer.

FIFT SONNET

Ex Psal. 102.

Arken O Lord vnto mine humble Playnings,
 Hide not thy Face for euer in thine Anger :
 My Dayes doe vade as Sinoak, my hart in Langor,
 Hyes (Flyes) to thee: why Shunst thou my Complaynings?
 Friends haue I none; now from me All are flying :
 In sted of Bread I haue ben fed with Ashes,
 My Drinck my Tears ; while I haue felt the Lashes
 Of thy fierce Wrath, for all mine often Crying.
 All Kings and Nati'ons shall admire thy Glory,
 When thou, the Sighs of humble Soules attendest ;
 It shall be Writ in an Eternall Story.
 Ah ! Leaue me not, Thou, thou that All Defendest,
 That madest All (Heau'n, Earth, and Ocean hoarie),
 That neuer didst Begin, and neuer Endest.



Arken Lord vnto mine humble Playnings,

Hide not thy face for euer in thine Anger: My Dayes



doe vade, doe vade as Smoak, as Smoak, My hart in Langoor, Hyes (flyes) to



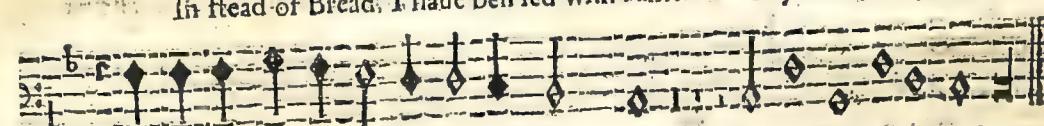
thee; Why Shun'st thou my Complaynings? Hyes (flyes) to thee, why shun'st thou



my Complaynings? Friends haue I none, now from mee All are flying



In stead of Bread, I haue ben fed with Ashes: My Drinck my Tear's;



While I haue felt the Lashes, Of thy fierce Wrath, For all mine often Cryings,

C.



LL Kings and Nati'ons, shall adm'r, adm'r

thy Gle- ry, When thou the Sighs, the Sighs of humble

Soules attendest; It shal be Writ, in an Eternall Sto- rie; It shall be

Writ, It shall be Writ, in an Eternall Story. in an Eternall Story. Ah Leue

me not thou; Thou that All Defendest: That madest All, That madest All,

(Heau'n, Earth, and Oce'an, and Oce'an hoary) That neuer didst Begin, and neuer

Endest, and neuer Endest.

SIXT SONNET

Ex *Psal. 102.*

From profound CENTER of my hart I cryed
 To thee O Lord, L O R D let thine E A R draw neer mee,
 To note my M O V R N I N G s, and quick-quicly heare mee;

Heare my Sad G R O N E s, to thy Sweet G R A C E applyed.
 L O R D, if thou looke with R I G O V R downe into V s,

To mark our S I N, O who shall then abide it?
 But, if with P A R D O N thou bee pleas'd to hide it
 (If M E R C Y thou Vouchsafe) What shall Vndoo V s?
 Vpon thy W O R D my S O V L E hath firmly reared

Her Tower of T R V S T, there is my H O P E possessed;
 With thee is M E R C Y, that thou maist bee feared;
 M E R C Y, for those that are in S O V L E depressed.

I S R A E L s Redeemer, Whom thou hast endeered
 Beecon's through thee, of S K I N N E R, S A I N T, and B I R R E D



Rom Profound Center of my hart, to thee I cri'ed,

to thee I cri'ed O Lord, Lord let thine eare draw neere me,

To note my mourning; To note my mourning, and quickly heare mee: and

quickly heare mee: Heare my Sad Grones to thy Sweet Grace applyed. to thy

Sweet Grace apply'ed. Lord, if thou looke with Rigor down into vs, to mark our

Sins, O who shall then abide it? abide it? But if thou be pleased, But if with pardon

thou be pleas'd to hide it, (if thou Mercie vouchsafe, if thou Mercy vouch-

safe) What shal vndoo vs? what shal vndoo vs? what shal vndoo vs? what shall vndoo vs?

Of 2. voc. Second part.

21 BASSVS.

Nel la parola tua.



Pon thy Word my Soule, hath firmly reared : hath

firmly reared : hath firmly reared her Tower of Trust;

There is my Hope possessed ; For with thee is Mercy, that thou maist be feared ;

Mercy, for those in Soule depressed. in Soule depressed, Is-ra-els Redeemer,

Is-ra-els Redeemer : Whom thou hast endeered, Becon's through thee, of

Sinner, Saint and Blessed. and Blessed. of Sinner, Saint and Blessed. and Blessed.

of Sinner, Saint and Blessed. of Sinner, Saint and Blessed.

C.ijj.

SEAVENTH SONNET

Ex Psal. 143.



Isten O L O R D vnto my Prostrate PRAYER,
 Nor into I V D G M E N T with thy Seruant enter:
 For who is I v s t ? The foule infernall T E M P T E R
 Pursues my S O V L E with Terrors of D E S P A Y R E.

 My hart's all inly Vext. Yet I apply'd mee
 To waigh thy Works, thy Wonders I obserued,
 But to thy M E R C Y the Chiefe place referued;
 Then Shew my S I N, and in thy Seruice guide mee.

 Succour mee L O R D, Saue mee with expedition;
 My S P I R I T fainteth: therefore mine affection,
 My M I N D E, my S O V L E, I lift (with all Submission):
 To thee my L O R D, my G o D, and my protection:
 Draw mee from D A N G E R vnder thy Tuition,
 For I thy Seruant am by thine Election.



Isten, Listen O Lord vnto my Prostrate prayer, Nor

into Judgment with thy Servant enter : For who, O who

is Lust? For who, O who is Lust? The foule In-fernall Tempter pursues my

Soule with terrors, with terrors of Despay'r. My hart's all inly vexed: My hart's all inly

vexed: all inly vexed: Yet I apply'd me to waigh thy Works, thy Wonders I ob-

serued, But to thy Mercy, But to thy Mercy the Chief place reserved: the

Chief place, the Chief place reserved: Then Shew my Sin, my Sin, Then shew my Sin,

Then shew my Sin, my Sin, Then shew my Sin, and in thy Service guide me.



Vccour me Lord, Saue mee, saue mee with expe-
 diti'on, with expe-di-ti'on, My Spirit fainteth, therfore mine af-
 fecti'on, My Spirit fainteth, therefore mine affecti'on, My Minde, my Soule I
 lift with all Submission, To thee my Lord, my God, my God, and my Protec-
 ti'on: and my Protec'ti'on: Draw me from Danger vnder thy Tu-i-ti'on; Draw me from
 Danger vnder thy Tu-i-ti'on: For I thy Seruant am, For I thy Seruant am by
 thine Electi'on. by thine, by thine Electi'on. by thine. Electi'on.

FINIS.

